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Cambria Freeman.

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I'm tired of singing to my love
That she is like a rose,
A glistening pearl, a turtle dove,
A star that shines in Heaven above,
The fairest flower that blows;

That she is like a day in spring,
A luscious caramel,
A humming bird upon the wing,
And every other hackneyed thing
That lovers know so well.

So, now—in earnest, not in jest—
With burning words I swear
That she is like my Sunday vest,
The one that fits and suits me best,
As doth my Stella fair.

Sometimes I tell my only flame
That to my fancy she
Is like a well played base-ball game—
Such joys goes surging through my frame
When her I chance to see.

Or else I tell my daffodil,
Who says she's mine alone,
She's like a new ten dollar bill,
It gives me such a gladsome thrill
To have her for my own.
—R. H. Titherington, in West Shore.

THE WRONG LETTER.

How My Friend Got Out of a Very Bad Predicament.

One evening last winter as I was walking up and down the platform at the Lyons railway station, waiting for the departure of the southern express, some one tapped me on the shoulder. I turned and saw my friend Jacques.

"Where are you going?" he asked

"To Nice," I replied.

"So am I. My wife is there."

"Good, we will go on together."

We continued walking up and down the platform, talking about one thing and another. As we passed before the mail-car I said to Jacques: "What a hard life those postal-clerks lead. They must be in a terrible state when they arrive at Marseilles."

"Yes," replied Jacques, "they are completely used up. I can speak from experience, for I once rode two hundred miles with them."

"You have traveled in a mail-car! What for?"

"I well tell you. It's a curious story and one that concerns my marriage."

We took our places, the signal was given, and the train started. Then Jacques told me the following story:

"At that certain epoch a certain blonde countess whom you know—for I suspect that you were a little in love with her yourself—had been a widow for two years, and it was almost decided that she was to become my wife.

"At the time when my story begins it was autumn, and the countess was at her country-house in the Var. We wrote to each other nearly every day—I, in order to tell her that I adored her; she, to occupy her leisure and give me errands to do, for I was then in Paris. At the same time—let those who have not done likewise cast the first stone—I was breaking off with another sweetheart. That one was not a countess. She was a brunette, and lived in Normandy. Poor Louise! In one respect she resembles the countess—she gave me no end of errands to do.

"One morning the porter brought me two letters and two lists of things to get. Happily, I could fill both orders at the Louvre. I ate my breakfast and wrote my replies—one very fervent for the countess; the other, calm and cool, for Louise. Then I started for the Louvre. I selected the samples requested, put them into the unsealed envelopes, closed both letters, and placed them in my pocket. As I was coming out of the Louvre I met our friend Maxime, who was driving on his way to the Bois. He took me along with him, began to tell me some of his stories, and I had quite forgotten my two letters, when a branch post-office at the corner luckily refreshed my memory.

"Maxime pulled up his horse, I got down, bought some postage-stamps, slipped the countess' letter into the box, and while putting the stamp on the other letter, I thought I felt some samples of cloth instead of some pieces of silk that it ought to contain. A cold perspiration poured down my face. I opened the envelope. My boy, I had made a mistake. My letter to Louise had gone to the Var, and, as you may imagine, it was simply the breaking off of my marriage.

"There was no time to weigh the probabilities. I told Maxime to continue his drive alone, and went back into the office to try to undo my stupid blunder.

"Perhaps you think that was an easy matter. The clerk looked at me askance, asked me all sorts of questions, and gave me a sermon on the disadvantages of absent-mindedness. I have not much patience, and I presently got angry and sent the clerk about his business.

"I remembered that I had an acquaintance who held an important position in the post-office department. I jumped into a cab and went to the head office. When I got there, I found that my friend was absent on business connected with the new building. Once there, it took me half an hour to find him. We returned to the head office, where I obtained a letter from the minister's secretary that would open all the post-office bags and boxes throughout the country. But when I got back to the branch post-office, it was five-forty, and I saw the mail-wagon starting off. My letter was, of course, in that wagon.

"I told my cabman to follow the wagon. When we reached the central office at the Tuileries, I showed my ministerial paper. They said to me, very politely:

"'Well, sir, we have three-quarters of an hour to sort two or three hundred thousand letters that go to all parts of the world. You will readily understand that it would be impossible to find yours in that lot. The best thing for you to do is to go to the mail-car at the station. As you have a ministerial order, the clerks there will find your letter for you.'

"I got into the cab and started for the station. As soon as I arrived I went to the car. The clerks wanted to send me to Jericho, but I insisted, and showed my authorization. The head-clerk, thinking probably that I was a detective, said to me: 'Well, sir, get in. We will try and arrange your matter after we start. But for the moment I can not do any thing.'

"I got into the car, which was already half full of sacks, and they had only begun to arrive. They came from all sides, and sometimes it took two men to raise one of the bags. The car was soon full to the top, and the five clerks and myself did not know where to squeeze ourselves. And we expected to find a letter in all that mess. I was losing courage, but there was nothing to be said. If the countess received the letter destined for Louise, I should be done for. I was very much in love, and it was, moreover, a very fine marriage.

"Finally all the sacks had arrived. I crouched into a corner where I nearly stifled between dirty leather pouches that had traveled all over Europe. All I could see were the lamps in the top of the car and the numerous pigeon-holes for the letters. Suddenly I felt the wheels revolve. We had started. The head clerk came to me and asked what I wanted. I explained to him that I wished to get a letter addressed to the Chateau of Beillous, near Barjols, Var.

"'In that case it belongs to the Lyons division. We sort these letters after leaving Dijon. Until we arrive there, all you can do is to wait.'

"I will shorten the tale of my misery. At ten in the morning I arrived at Saint Maxime station. It is at that station that the post-office bag for Barjols is left, and my letter had not yet been found! Just at the moment when the train slackened speed the reason was explained. The clerks, seeing what importance I attached to the unlucky letter, concluded that it must be registered, and so they had not looked for it in the ordinary mail.

"There was nothing to be said, for the train had already stopped. The sack for Barjols was thrown out on the platform. I followed it, for I was determined to have my letter.

"I got into the open wagon that was to convey the mail and myself—the only passengers—to Barjols. How it rained! With my cane, white waistcoat, and tall hat, you can imagine how I looked. The driver told me that it was about sixteen miles from Saint Maxime to Barjols. We didn't say much to each other on the way—I was too busy with my reflections. We crossed deserted spots, and I was separated from my letter only by the hard board on which I was seated. I could have strangled or bribed the driver, but I had not strength enough left for the first operation; as to the second, I had only a few louis in my pocket, and if I had suborned the driver, I should not have had money enough to get back to Paris without begging.

"At last we arrived at Barjols, a pretty little village, containing a thousand inhabitants. I was on the point of going to the post-office to ask for my letter, when a thought came to my mind. What will they say when they see a gentleman coming from Paris in a pouring rain, with a cane for his only piece of baggage, and presenting a ministerial order for a letter addressed to Countess X., well known throughout the neighborhood? The story would soon spread all over the place and the countess would be sure to hear it.

"I decided to be more diplomatic. An hour afterward, when the country letter-carrier left the village of Barjols to go to the chateau, I overtook him, as if by chance, and asked him the way to the countess's residence.

"'I am going there,' he replied; 'if you like to come along with me, do so; it is nine miles.'

"Nine miles! My patent-leather shoes trembled at this announcement. Nevertheless, I started along through the mud. We stopped at each inn and I invited my companion to refresh himself. He kept up well until the fourth village on his route, but after that he was tipsy. As we passed along by a ditch, apparently by accident, I tripped him up, and he rolled over into the opening, which was about three feet deep. To jump in after him, under pretense of helping him out, open his box, secure my letter, and stuff it into my pocket was the work of a minute. To get my man out of the ditch was not so easy. Just as I was succeeding in my task I heard a noise of rolling wheels along the road. I turned around. The rain had ceased and the countess was coming along in her pony wagon.

"How she recognized me in the state I was in, I do not know yet. But she did recognize me, and her stupefaction was equal to my embarrassment, for I had intended to return to Paris without saying a word.

"'Well!' she cried: 'what is the matter? How did you get into such a plight?'

"It was the moment when a man should, if ever, exercise a little imagination.

"'Do you believe in presentiments?' I said to her in a voice made thick by a frightful cold in the head; 'yesterday, at the very moment when I went to put a letter for you into the post-office, I distinctly heard my name pronounced by you in an agonized tone. I thought it was one of those mysterious warnings, of which I know so many examples, and, seized with terror, I started at once for your chateau without returning to my house. I love you so much, Amelia.'

"I saw her beautiful eyes moisten. As for mine, the cold in my head filled them with tears that were not feigned. Amelia asked me to take a seat beside her, and we drove to the chateau. This proof of love had touched her, and when we arrived before the door, she had pronounced the famous 'yes' that she had hesitated to utter for six months.

"And that is how I came to be married."—Translated for the Argonaut, from the French of Leon de Tinseau.

Not in a Pleasing Mood.

"Do you suppose anybody would be sorry if I should kill myself?" asked she.

"There's one person who would be quite happy over it," replied her practical friend.

"Who's that?"

"The coroner."

"Then I won't do it," said the obstinate woman.—Chicago Globe.

In a Cow's Stomach.

In the stomach of a cow which was butchered at Washington Court-House, O., the following articles were found: Several nails two and three inches long; screws, brass nails, carpet tacks and a number of small stones. There was fully a quart of these articles in the cow's stomach. The cow was apparently in good health before being butchered.

Execution by Boiling.

The English law formerly prescribed boiling where the culprit had committed a crime extremely revolting in its nature. The last person to suffer death by boiling in England was Rouse, cook to the Bishop of Rochester, who had poisoned seventeen persons.

A SUMMER MEMORY.

A dusty roadway, downward leading,
Through pastures, where the cattle feeding
Wade deep in daises white and yellow,
That toss their stars in sunlight mellow.

A maid, whose lips are red as cherries,
In tangled bushes picking berries,
From under her sun-bonnet glancing
Sets Cupid's goblins madly dancing.

And while my footsteps slowly wander
To lower sweeps, the hill-side yonder
Seems with a brighter glory burning,
And woos my eyes to constant turning.

A wind gust in the reedy hollow,
Where through the swifts each other follow,
And to my new-formed wish replying,
A kerchief in the distance flying.

I pause beside the lingering river,
Where tall flags fa the ripples shiver,
And hear a blackbird's merry calling,
Down from the upland pasture falling.

My pathway leads where silver beeches
Shimmer along the meadow reaches,
Yet, by some unseen magic holden,
My heart clings to the hill-side golden.

For there in sunlight haze she lingers,
The kerchief flutters from her fingers,
And swift the upland way retracing,
Love's subtle vision I am chasing.

Ah, surely they are evil-minded,
Who say that Fortune's eyes are blinded,
For brighter glance, or look more speaking,
Will never answer any seeking.

And in the radiant August weather,
We two walk down the path together,
And give no heed to all the singing,
Along the upland pasture ringing.
—Thomas S. Collier, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

COURTSHIP IN ENGLAND.

Love Marriages Not Rare in the Mother Country.

The Queen Herself an Example—Princess Louise of Wales—Broken Engagements—Doing Away of Class Distinctions.

Virginia M. Crawford, the sister of Sir Charles Dilke and Mrs. Ashton Dilke, writes as follows to the Philadelphia Press:

As I am generally credited, and rightly, with the possession of advanced views on political and social matters, I feel that I ought to confess at the outset that I am almost a conservative in matrimonial questions. I believe in marriage as a fundamental basis of society; I believe in the desirability of love marriages, and I even venture to believe in the happiness of the great majority of unions entered into under the present much-abused marriage system.

We have no lack in England—by way of example—of love marriages in the highest rank of life, where the temptations to the marriage de convenance are even greater than elsewhere. That Queen Victoria herself married for love is an established historical fact, and most of her daughters are supposed to have followed her example. But we need not go further back than last season, when the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke of Fife was celebrated. It is an open secret that the young Princess had been in love with the Earl for years, and for his sake had declined to entertain the proposals of any foreign royal suitor, and although in this case the pretensions of the detrimental were backed up by a ducal coronet and $350,000 a year he was none the less a detrimental in the eyes of several members of the royal family, who steadily opposed the match. But the whole sympathies of the Nation were on the side of the future Princess Royal, who has willingly sacrificed a great part of her royal honors for the sake of the man she loves, and who may now be seen shopping in Bond street unattended or driving with her husband in happy tete-a-tete, much like any other young lady of her age.

The English law, unlike that of France, is not framed in such a way as to encourage mercenary unions. Parental consent with us is not a sine qua non, and although an irate father may disinherit his son or daughter he can not legally prevent them from marrying whom they please. Even in cases where one or other of the contracting parties being under age they have recourse to a runaway marriage at a registrar's office, and make a false declaration of age in order to obviate the necessity of producing the father's consent, even then the parents' redress is but a meager one. They can have their rebellious son or daughter condemned to a short term of imprisonment for false swearing, but in no case can the marriage be annulled. On the other hand, a class of titled aristocracy, backed up by the rights of primogeniture, is undoubtedly a direct incentive towards worldly marriages by creating a limited number of exceptionally good "partis," for whom ambitious mothers angle dexterously on behalf of their daughters, or, worse still, for whom scheming damsels angle for themselves.

In England a man almost invariably asks the girl herself to marry him before appealing to her father for his consent. When once the engagement is an accomplished fact the lovers are allowed ample opportunities for making each other's farther acquaintance. The whole family co-operate in giving them a wide berth, and they may spend hours every day alone in each other's company, either in the house or walking or riding together, as the case may be. Such liberty, which would make a French mother's hair stand on end, is perfectly "comme il faut" in England. The young couple even travel and pay visits in each other's company, the fiancee accompanied by her maid, if she should happen to be possessed of that appendage, but oftener still quite without a chaperon.

This freedom of social intercourse ought to be a good safeguard against girls ignorantly linking their fortunes with one whom it is impossible for them to love, were it not that to throw over the man she is engaged to is regarded by society as so unpardonable a crime. It seems to be only just dawning on people's minds that a small scandal before marriage is preferable to a big scandal after marriage. A charming novelist, Sir Henry Cunningham, whose delightful sketches of life in India are widely read, has just published a clever novel about London society, "The Hesitors," in which he makes the heroine, Olivia, deliberately jilt the rich young man to whom she is betrothed. His view is that society ought to help a girl out of the wretched dilemma in which she is placed, when she discovers that her engagement is a mistake, instead of rendering it, as at present, almost impossible to retrieve a false step before it is too late. I am bound to say that, while strongly deprecating rash and hasty betrothals, I feel great sympathy for Sir Henry's view, which, if generally adopted, might be the means of averting many a domestic tragedy. The time of engagement ought to be a period of mutual probation, and marriage should only ensue if the experiment has been so far satisfactory to both parties.

Considering how rich a country England is, it is extraordinary how poor most English women are—I mean, in their own right. In France hardly a peasant girl marries without a dot; here, even well-to-do fathers seem to expect to marry off their daughters without giving them a penny. This is principally the result of the time-honored English custom of making an eldest son the principal heir—a process which is mainly accomplished at the expense of the young man's sisters. From the purely sentimental point of view, it is no doubt gratifying to a girl to be selected entirely for what she is, and not for what she brings, but I fancy that after marriage the gratification soon fades away before the practical necessity of asking her husband for every shilling she requires. To me, as an ardent believer in woman's rights and woman's independence, the idea is quite odious, and it seems to me a little short of monstrous that a rich man who, in dying, bequeaths say £40,000 to each of his sons, should consider his daughters amply provided for with £10,000 apiece. Fortunately, in this as in many other things, public opinion is undergoing a change; and I trust that before many years have passed an equal division of property between brothers and sisters alike will become the rule instead of being the rare exception.

Another point in recent social development which bears favorably on the marriage question in England is the rapid breaking down of class distinctions and the consequent extension of the field of possible matrimonial choice. The aristocracy and the county families inter-marry freely nowadays with the professional and upper middle classes. Thus, only a few weeks ago, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, Lady Mary Howard, bestowed her hand and heart on Prof. Murray, the clever young Greek professor at Glasgow University. Such a union some twenty or thirty years ago would have been regarded as a positive mes-alliance, but nowadays it is sensibly accepted as a perfectly suitable matrimonial arrangement.

Some discussion has recently taken place as to the proper age at which girls should marry. One of the weekly journals requested its readers to state what in their opinion was the best marrying age, and of all the answers received the vast majority fixed on twenty-five as the most suitable age, while none mentioned a figure lower than twenty-one. As I myself was married within a couple of months of leaving the school-room, I should not like to be too severe on early marriages, but I feel sure that there is a growing feeling in English society against allowing girls to make their final choice too early in life. It is quite the exception for girls in good society to marry before they are eighteen, although the Marchioness of Stafford and future Duchess of Sutherland entered into the bonds of wedlock on her seventeenth birthday, and many parents object to their daughters marrying till they are over twenty. For my part, it seems to me that it is a question impossible to settle by a fixed rule. There are plenty of girls regarding whom it would be very difficult to bring forward any tangible reason either physical or moral to prevent them marrying while still in their teens; on the other hand, there are a large number of English girls—many more, I fancy, than in America—who remain curiously girlish and undeveloped until long after their school years are passed. Under such circumstances mothers ought certainly to defer the marriage question until their daughters are twenty-three or twenty-four.

JEFFERSON'S GRANDCHILD

Living in Humble Circumstances and Refused a Pension.

In Georgetown, D. C., in a humble cottage which rents for twenty dollars a month, lives the only surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson, says the New York Sun. Her name is Mrs. Septimia Randolph Meikleham, widow of David S. Meikleham, long since dead. She is in her seventy-sixth year, a cultured, amiable, venerable old lady, with two daughters and one son in her household. A luxuriant growth of curly, silvery-white hair surrounds her face, which bears a striking resemblance to that of her illustrious grandfather. Her descent from him is direct and clear. Born January 3, 1814, under her grandfather's roof at Monticello, Va., she is the daughter of Jefferson's favorite child and housekeeper, Martha, who married Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., afterward Governor of Virginia, by whom she bore twelve children, all of whom are dead except the eleventh child and seventh daughter, the present Mrs. Meikleham, the only living representative of Jefferson of two removes since her sister, Virginia Jefferson Randolph Trist, died in 1882. Mrs. Meikleham is infirm by reason of advanced age. Her son, a man of artistic temperament, now in middle life, earns scarcely enough for self-support. Of her two daughters, both of whom are middle-aged, the younger, Miss Esther A. Meikleham, born while her parents were sojourning in Scotland, is employed in the Patent Office as a clerk at a salary of $1,000 a year, while the other has charge of the housekeeping. Repeated attempts by influential legislators to secure for Mrs. Meikleham a moderate pension have resulted only in failure. In the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses Representative W. E. Robinson, of New York, introduced a bill to pay her $5,000 a year, subsequently amended to $2,500. Congress, however, refused to pass the measure on the ground that its enactment would set a dangerous precedent for other claims less meritorious for civil pensions.

The Latest Petticoat.

The latest petticoat is straight from Paris and is untrimmed. It is simply a well-shaped skirt that looks as if it were made of leopard skin, but it is in reality a brocaded silk representing the skin of the wild beast. It is pleasantly warm to wear and has a barbaric look delightful to the smart girl who likes to imagine that she can have a sweetheart brave enough to go out and kill wild animals, the skins of which she may use to keep her pretty self warm. Women to-day are just as fond of thinking that men are brave and capable of manly sports as they used to be sure of it before the dude, the monocle and the absinthe cocktail were in vogue.

EVERY DAY.

O thousand thankless tasks of every day
Which are renewed with every rising sun!
O many burdens carried on our way
Until life's weary pilgrimage is done!
But now and then a cheerful, kindly tone
Gives us new strength to plod life's narrow path,
And tired hearts and minds are by it shown
What pleasantness 'neath common cares it hath.

It seems as if we waste our present strength
In tiresome walk through common-place routine;
If but our steps were placed in one great length
What far off countries would our eyes have seen!
But we'd have found that there as well as here
Man walks through trifling round of little things,
And if ambition's whisper charm his ear
Its import's lost in tasks that duty brings.

The glory of the martyr's holy crown
Sheds no reflection on the toiler's brow.
Nor hero's dear-bought fame or sword renown
Lend luster to the conquered cares of now.
For patience, then, to meet the coming foe,
The tiny, vexing cares and frets we pray,
So strong and humble-hearted we may go
To battle with the face of every day!
—Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

A RECKLESS MOOD.

Why Mrs. Dunstan Mourned a Departed Husband.

"There is a limit to even the most patient forbearance. I tell you, Zoe, I can not and will not endure this state of things any longer. If you loved me you would not defy my wishes as you do."

Speaking thus, Earle Dunstan turned and faced his young wife with a look of sudden and stern determination written on every line of his handsome features.

But all unheeding this, Zoe flashed her dark eyes upon him derisively, while a short, low laugh of mocking defiance rippled musically from her scarlet lips.

"If I loved you!" she echoed, scornfully. "Well, perhaps you are right in saying that I have often wondered at the strange whim which led me to accept you instead of—"

"Of Fred Hammond, why don't you say?" he finished, with a bitter sneer, as Zoe paused, a trifle shocked at her own temerity. "You can't deny that it was his name which was on your lips, as it is evidently his image which fills your heart. Fred Hammond, the fascinating Lothario, whose attentions to you last night made you the talk of the rooms, who was an old lover of yours, as everybody knows, and whom you would doubtless be willing enough to marry now were you again free to undo the errors of the past. Can you deny it, Zoe?"

"I shall deny nothing," she flashed out, in a white heat of passionate scorn, her large, dark eyes blazing, and her very lips blanched to the hue of a snowdrift. "You have drawn a fascinating picture of what might have been, and it is a thousand pities that it never can be realized. How cruel you are to remind me that I am not free to undo the past!"

"By heaven, then, you shall be," he retorted, desperately. "From this hour you shall not be troubled with my presence, nor your actions trammeled by my 'tyranny,' as you are pleased to term my consideration for my good name. I am going to leave you forever, Zoe, and as soon as the law permits, you will regain your freedom, and marry the man you love. This is all that is left me to do for your happiness, but it is still something. Thank God that I know the truth at last! If I had known it sooner, how much sorrow might have been spared us both!"

He stopped, his voice growing husky and broken toward the last, cast one lingering, passionate look upon the young wife he had loved so well, turned away from her without another word, and then was gone!

Gone! Zoe, listening to the echo of his footsteps down the hall, down the broad, shallow stairs, awoke at last from the trance which had held her since the first word of that terrible speech fell on her ears.

Like one awakening from some deep, strange sleep, she suddenly roused herself and staggered toward the door, holding out her arms with a gesture of passionate anguish and entreaty.

"Earle, Earle! come back!" she cried. "I did not mean it. You drove me wild with your cruel suspicions. I love no one—want no one—but you! I—I— Oh, God!"—as the great front door below swung to with a heavy crash—"he is gone—gone forever!"

The wild, yearning voice, intense with the agony of a breaking heart, whose sound, even at first, had scarcely gone farther than the white, rigid lips through which it passed, suddenly failed—died into silence—and Zoe Dunstan, the deserted wife, sunk down upon the carpet like one stricken by a mortal blow.

Weeks passed before she knew any thing more of that terrible day.

Brain fever had seized upon her, and it seemed many times as though her life must pay the forfeit of her share in its reckless folly.

But at last she crept back to life, though for months she was only the shadow of her former self.

Brilliant and bewitching, with the effervescent sparkle of champagne in her lovely eyes, and flushing, rounded cheeks, and dainty, scarlet lips, had been Zoe Dunstan before that ill-fated day. Beautiful she was yet, but that sparkling brilliancy was gone, and a deathless sorrow looked out from [illegible] marvelous dark eyes [illegible] whose witchery had ensnared so many hearts.

When she was strong enough to bear it, they told her every thing: how they had tried to find her husband when [illegible] discovered her stricken down by that almost fatal shock; how they had searched vainly for him everywhere, only to learn, at last, that he had sailed for Europe on the very day that he had left his wife and home; how, a little later, the world had been startled by the news of an awful disaster—the noble ship on which he had taken passage had been wrecked in mid-ocean, and Earle Dunstan's name was among the list of those who were known to be lost.

Zoe listened to the awful tale in pitiful silence. Her lovely face grew a shade paler and sadder than before, if that were possible, and she sat for awhile with her dark eyes staring straight before her, and both small, white hands clasped tightly over her heart.

He had forsaken her forever, and she could never have hoped to look on his dear face again. Now the lonely, remorseless sea would hide it from all other eyes as well as hers. After all, perhaps, she would rather have it so.

But three years passed away, and Zoe, after a long period of mourning and seclusion, once more began to mingle with the world.

Again she was mentioned in society as "the beautiful Mrs. Dunstan," and again her eager admirers and suitors thronged around her.

Among them was, and ever had been, Fred Hammond, the handsome, dashing fellow whose admiration for her in the past had led to that fatal quarrel.

To him she was always colder than to any other man in the whole circle of acquaintance, yet her coldness did not daunt him from trying again and again to win the love he had vainly sought before her marriage.

"You must learn to look kindly on my suit in time," he urged once more, after many failures. "He is gone, and it is foolish, nay, it is terribly wrong, to waste your whole life in useless mourning for him. Oh, Mrs. Dunstan—Zoe, dear Zoe—try to forget—try to care a little for one who has loved you so long and faithfully as I."

Zoe sighed wearily.

How often she had told him the same old story—that she never could forget the one she had loved and lost.

But she was on the eve of starting on a long journey throughout Europe and the East with some old friends—Mr. and Mrs. Seymour—and perhaps this would put a final end to the annoyance.

"You are asking still in vain, Mr. Hammond," she answered, calmly, with the usual touch of coldness in her voice. "And it must ever be in vain, were you to ask the question every day to the end of our natural lives. I have no love to give to you—I never had. I loved Earle Dunstan only, and I shall never forget him or cease to love his memory. I— But here comes Mrs. Seymour; let us say no more about it. Only this—you have my final, irrevocable answer. Never mention love to me again!"

"Ah, my dear Zoe," murmured Mrs. Seymour, half-reproachfully, as Fred Hammond bowed himself away with a white, despairing face, "I'm afraid you are really doing a foolish thing. I heard enough to know that you refused that poor fellow for the fiftieth time, and he absolutely worships you. Don't you really think that you have mourned poor Earle long enough? It can never bring him back, you know," she added, gently.

"No, it can do nothing but prove the love he doubted when he left me," sighed Zoe, drearily. "But that man"—and her dark eyes turned, with a flash of scorn, toward Fred Hammond's distant, retreating form—"why, his professions of love but seem like sacrilege to me! It was on his account that we had that fatal quarrel which drove my husband to his death. No, no, dear Mrs. Seymour, no living love—much less his—shall ever take the place of my poor Earle's memory!"

For months the little party of tourists wandered about the Old World, and at length found themselves in one of the famed picture galleries of an Italian city.

As they strolled slowly along, stopping now and then to examine some work of striking merit, Mrs. Dunstan, happening to turn abruptly, came face to face with a handsome, noble-looking man, whose proud, stern face and sad, blue eyes changed at sight of her, as though she had been a ghost.

And she? She grew so deathly white and faint that Mrs. Seymour, who stood near and saw it all, thinking her about to fall, hastily passed her arm around Zoe's slender waist.

But the young widow did not faint; the very strength of her emotion revived her and kept her up.

"Earle!" she gasped, in a strained, unnatural voice. "Oh, is it you? I—I thought you dead!"

"Did you?" he retorted, with the old bitterness, mingled now with a sad pathos indescribable. "Oh, no, I have merely been dead to you. I left you for your own happiness, you remember. And you—you have secured it, I suppose? The law would not refuse a deserted wife her freedom and the right to marry again. By the way"—glancing about him with a proud disdain in his blue eyes—"shall I have the honor—"

"Earle!" broke in Zoe, proudly. "There is no other—never has been, and never will be. I mourned you at dead for years, for I believed you lost at sea with the rest who went down on that doomed ship. It was a mistake. Oh, the joy—"

Her sweet voice wavered, and again Mrs. Seymour thought she was going to faint. But this time Earle Dunstan took his wife by the arm and led her still farther from the small crowd, who had not perceived the little drama going on so near them.

"And you have never married, believing me dead all these years?" he asked, his low, deep voice filled with wondering tenderness. "Oh, Zoe, forgive me—forgive me, my darling! But I never knew that you thought me dead, dear. I was rescued from the wreck, but was ill and senseless for long weeks afterward. I did not know that I was reported lost, but I should not have cared. I thought you would seek your freedom in time, and so I have wandered about, asking no questions, and only trying to forget. And oh, Zoe, you did love me, your husband, instead—"

"Well, if you had heard her refuse a certain gentleman, as I did," smiled Mrs. Seymour, whom they had rejoined, "you would never doubt that fact again, Earle Dunstan."

"God helping me, I never will, Mrs. Seymour," he answered, fervently.

"But you had some apparent cause to doubt me then, Earle," added Zoe; and then, with passionate earnestness: "God helping me you never shall again."—Family Story Paper.

That Which Is In a Name.

General Sherman is looking into a show window. Out comes the proprietor and says: "How do you do, General?" "Very well, sir; but I don't remember you." "General," says the proprietor, as the General tells it, "I made your shirts." "Ah!" says the General, "I am happy to meet you." Then comes up an old friend of the General and introduces the two. "General, let me make you acquainted with Major Schurtz." "Ah!" says the General, with a new light to his ears and understanding.

—Peddler—"Buy this pistol, sir?" "What should I do with a pistol?" "Good heavens, man, do you want to live forever?"—Fliegende Blatter.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 19, 1890.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
THOMAS H. GREEVY.
Subject to the decision of Democratic conference.
For Assembly,
M. FITZHARRIS, of Gallitzin.
ED. T. McNEELIS, of Johnstown.
For Treasurer,
CHARLES J. MAYER, of Johnstown.
For Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.
For Auditors,
WILLIAM C. BERRY, of Wilmore.
JOSEPH HIPPS, of Chest Twp.
For Poor House Director,
S. W. MILLER, of Johnstown.

MR. GEORGE W. BOYD, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, arrived at Cresson on Monday morning in Vice President Thompson's private car, and placed it at General Harrison's disposal during his stay at Cresson. It will be used in making short trips to many points of interest.

ROBERT RAY HAMILTON, whose trouble with his wife at Atlantic City, New Jersy, caused such a sensation about a year ago, was drowned in Yellowstone Park, Montana. His body was discovered in Snake river, on August 23, and from the appearance of the body had been in the water for several days. He had evidently been drowned while attempting to ford the river while out on a hunting expedition.

THERE is one provision of the anti-lottery bill says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, that is now awating the President's signature which confers a rather dangerous power upon the post office officials. It is the right to open letters supposed to contain lottery matter. The bill would be better without this provision. Heretofore all sealed letters have been held inviolate and to confer the right to open any may lead to consequences not contemplated by the framers of the bill.

SPEAKER REED'S majority is nearly five thousand but if the next House should be Democratic and the majority follow the precedents established by the Republican majority of the present House, it might bother the Speaker to hold his seat if it would be contested. Kicking a Congressman out with 5,000 majority would be just as easy as kicking one out with 500 majority and just honest. As Democrats however are not built that way.

EX GOVERNOR PATTISON says the Wayne *News* (Republican), has the unimpeachable record of an honest ruler. He is active, honest capapable, with the traits of extreme fidelity to his duties, from which nothing thus far has swerved him. He has the good will of the people for what he has done, and now they are willing to trust a good and faithful public servant in opposition to one whose reputation is not free from stain. The tide of popular feelings is in his favor and it seems now to be increasing.

REMEMBER Saturday, October 4th, is the last day for naturalization, and the last day for the payment of taxes.

To be qualified to vote, each elector, if twenty-two years or upwards, must have paid a State or County tax within two years, and at least one month prior to the election, which tax must have been assessed at least two months prior to the election. Those voting on age need not have paid a tax.

Remember, Saturday, October 4th, is the last day for the payment of taxes. Attend to it. Pay your tax.

THE Republican campaign was opened in Pittsburg on Saturday evening by holding a Republican meeting at which United States Senator Ingalls, Candidate Delamater and ex-candidate Hastings were the speakers. Their only argument for the election of Delamater was based on the claim that the Republican party was a good one twenty-five years ago. It is needless to remark that Congressman Kennedy, of Ohio, was not present and although a Republican with a national reputation, he will hardly be invited into Pennsylvania this Fall.

THE Democrats of New Hampshire, in the platform adopted on Tuesday, have described the McKinley bill in terms quite as remarkable for their accuracy and justice as for their severity. The resolution says:

"We denounce the McKinley tariff bill as nothing less than a deed of conveyance by the Republican party of the enormous power of federal taxation to a combination of manufactures and trusts in consideration of money advanced by them with which the election of Benjamin Harrison was purchased. It is not designed to protect American labor or infant industries, nor to raise government revenues, but to enable prosperous manufacturing concerns to increase their profits and furnish future corruption funds to the Republican party."

THE New York *World* says that "Maine and Vermont offset each other in the elections this month. In Vermont the Republicans stayed at home and the Democrats voted. As a result the Republican majority was reduced one-half. In Maine both Republicans and Democrats absented themselves—the latter in relatively the greater proportion. The Republicans polled in the State 4,000 or 5,000 fewer votes than in 1886 and 10,000 fewer than in 1888, and yet Democratic unconcern kept enough voters on that side at home to leave the Republican plurality higher than usual. There is no reason in this for hysterical rejoicing on one side or discouraging depression on the other."

IN all the movements of the organization of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, it is manifest that the principles of "Quayism" are strictly adhered to. Instead of denying, or attempting to answer the charges made against Delamater, the managers of the party campaign have adopted a plan of sowing broadcast throughout the State, in a series of documents of the most remarkable character, the mutilated record of Governor Pattison while in office.

As has been said, these documents are of the most remarkable character. Nothing like them has been imposed upon the intelligence of the people of Pennsylvania by the managers of a political party for many a day. Where they failed to insult the intelligence of the people, it is simply because they are too rediculous to be seriously considered. They must disgust the old veterans in their party, and we can imagine the grimness of ex-Chairman Cooper's smile in his sleeve as he contemplates their puerility.

The document upon which these acute managers evidently pride themselves most is the one in which they attempt to set forth the alleged hostility of Governor Pattison toward the soldiers. Of course their chief target is his veto of the "Soldiers' Burial Bill," and the lesser ones the veto of a number of personal pension bills. Of course the same unfairness which prompted such an attack has witheld in each instance the good and sufficient, the salutary reason why Governor Pattison felt impelled to veto the measures. These reasons are fully contained in the veto messages, and no reasonable man, free of partisan prejudice can read them without admitting the force of Governor Pattison's objections. In not a single one of these cases was the objection which led to the veto directed toward the purpose of the bill, but toward the careless manner in which it had been drawn; the utter absence of the ordinary safeguards which well-digested legislation demands. In the case of the "Soldiers' Burial Bill" itself, even Col. Thomas J. Stewart, its great champion, has admitted that an urgent necessity existed for its admendment just in the particulars objected to by Governor Pattison, and it is the purpose of Col. Stewart to have proposed just such an amendment in the next Legislature.

While engaged in this futile appeal to the prejudices of the soldiers, the Republican managers suddenly recollect how their present standard bearer, Senator G. W. Delamater, on the occasion of his return from the Republican State Convention in 1888, in the midst of an enthusiastic speech at Meadville, "put his foot into it," so to speak, by indicating very plainly that in his opinion "it was time for the 'old soldier' to take a back seat and give the young man a chance." This intemperate utterance must be gotten rid of in some way. The easiest way seems to be to print Delamater's sbeech on that occasion and omit this damaging part of it, so to this end a whole page of another of these remarkable documents, headed "Delamater Endorsed," is devoted to the defence of the Meadville speech. But, alas, those who have undertaken to steer Delamater out of deep water, in their efforts to shun Charybdis, have run into Scylla. Senator Delamater has been busy for some time past in quietly telling the Independent Republicans whom he is privately seeking out, that he is "not for Quay," but will promise to throw Quay overboard when he is elected. In the Meadville speech above referred to, appear these words: "Who can forget that the wise and peerless Quay, the stalwart Cameron and the gallant Beaver have contributed in moulding our party policy.'" So, se "the wise and peerless Quay." It is this "wise and peerless" one whom Delamater now talks of throwing over board. Will he do it? Can he afford to do it? If he does, is he a worthy object to trust? What can be thought of the promises of a man who will proclaim a political friend "wise and peerless" when he is seeking his aid for a nomination and then secretly promise to go back on him afterwards.

The only other one of these remarkable Republican campaign documents which is worthy of particular notice is the biographical sketch of their candidate for Governor. It is supposed to cover the whole ground. It goes into the ancestral history of Delamater. It shows that he is of the eighth generation of the family of De la Maitre. That his maternal ancestry is to be traced back for nine generations. In fact, it conclusively proves that his blood is the bluest of the blue; that he is a "horny handed son of toil" with a vengeance. Another striking feature of this biography is the naive description that is given of the little Delamater sitting at the feet of old John Brown of Ossawattamie, and imbibing the spirit of the principles of the great Republican party. There is sufficient in this description to move all but the most hardened ones to tears. While this biographical sketch admittedly, goes a great way, it does not in every particular go far enough. For instance, it tells that Senator Delamater is at the head of the banking house of Delamater & Co.; a director of the Merchants' National Bank, of Meadville; president of the company, and owner of the controling interest in the Meadville and Linesville railroad; president of the Meadville Fuel Company, and that he is connected with numerous corporations. It tells all this, but fails to make any mention of Senator Delamater's connection with the Standard Oil Co., that great monster that is crushing out the lives of hundreds of business interests in Pennsylvania. This comprehensive biography is also silent with respect to the fact that the immaculate Republican candidate for Governor was closely identified and connected with the defunct bank of America which brought so much suffering and distress to hundreds of the working people of Philadelphia. A fine representative indeed of the interests of the people is this confessed corporation bound candidate of the Republican party.

A BILL was introduced in the House on Tuesday for the erecting of a statue monument in the city of Washington to the memory of John Ericsson at the cost of $50,000.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15.—Senator Quay is being put in a bad position by the demands made on him from various parts of the State to furnish distinguished speakers from Washington to fill campaign engagements. The bad standing in which Senator Quay finds himself in the estimation of his fellow Senators and the leading Republicans in Washington, makes it extremely difficult for him to comply with these requests. The Republican management of the State campaign in Pennsylvania is so associated with corruption and bribery that the self-respecting party leaders here do not care to be too closely allied with the enterprise of electing Delamater or to engage in what is expected to be a vindication of Quay.

This fact was forcibly illustrated in connection with the attempt to secure prominent speakers at the opening of the Delamater campaign in Pittsburg last Saturday. Naturally it was desired to have a distinguished party come from Washington, and a year ago it would have been but a matter of simple request from Senator Quay to have accomplished it. In the past twelve months, however, the exposures of Quay's past have had a telling effect, and his party associates do not care to publicly appear as endorsing his record. No effort ever made by the Senator in Washington was more earnest than his attempt last week to have Sherman, Reed, McKinley, Lodge, and McComas attend the Pittsburg meeting.

Some of these gentlemen had found ample time to spend in the Maine campaign, occupying days in going and returning, but they suddenly discovered when Mr. Quay presented his requests that they could not spare the time for even so much as a day to go to the Pittsburg meeting.

The unsatisfactory results of the Senator's attempt caused the local managers to send a committee here for the purpose of securing the attendance of the speakers whose presence were desired. This likewise failed. Reed, McKinley, Sherman, Lodge, and McComas pleaded business. In the emergency the vicious and tainted blatherskite, Ingalls, was secured as the star for the engagement. The Kansas Senator loses no opportunity for making a public speech, and if it should happen that it be in a bad or notorious cause, the more ready he is to lift up his voice. It was particularly fitting that Ingalls should be the leading figure in the opening of the Delamater campaign. When he came from the State of Kansas to the Senate his title to the seat was clouded with bribery and corruption of members of the Legislature which elected him. The Committee which investigated these charges found them to be true, but allowed him to to take his seat on the ground that not enough members had been bribed to change the result. One of the members who signed his report was the late John A. Logan. No better chmpion of Delamater, the briber, could have been selected than Briber Ingalls.

The foregoing recalls the fact that Chairman Andrews himself has made a record which particularly fits him for association with Quay and Delamater. Two years ago the Republican managers put in his hands $50,000 for use in the State of Tennessee. He went into that State with a great deal of bluster, but on election day the Democrats had the usual majority, and the indications were that the money had not been applied to the purpose intended. This suspicion has been strongly corroborated that Chairman Andrews, who was a poor bankrupt, suddenly assumbd a position of affluence.

Delamater, Quay's candidate for Governor, is also charged with corruption and forgery by members of his own party. He has made feeble attempts to deny them but he cannot dodge the truth.

The respectable Republicans of Pennsylvania should rebuke such men by refusing to vote for them.

B. R. W.

Magee against Delamater.

At last Chris Magee, than whom there is scarcely a more popular Republican in the western part of the State, has at last come out square against the Republican State ticket. He says very plainly that he doesn't want to have anything to do with Quay, and he cannot support Delamater because he is Quay's man. These utterances are exceedingly significant coming from a man like Magee. He knows all the Republican schemes and tricks almost at soon as they are hatched, and he is nothing if not a practical politician himself. His declarations last week against Quay's ticket are a sure indication that he believes that ticket is not going to be successful and that he can oppose it now with safety. Besides, Magee does not desire to be on the losing side, for after Quay's downfall, whether it comes soon or late, he will become a leader of the Republican party of Pennsylvania. He follows Quay as Quay follows Cameron, but he is infinitely purer than the "branded criminal," and is a better man than Cameron.—*York Gazette.*

A Disgrace to the Country.

The country has been disgraced in the eyes of the world by the shameful scandals which have characterized the course of Reed as Speaker. The leaders themselves have acted in Kilkenny-cat fashion, and have amply testified their unworthiness to be intrusted with the affairs of the Nation. They have turned the House of Representatives into a bear garden, and have announced to the entire country that they are not controlled by the commonest principles of decency. In the Senate sits the leader of the Republican party, who has been denounced as a branded criminal without daring to make any defense. The terrible onslaught made on him by by the Republican Congressman from Ohio will, likely, provoke no response. Matt Quay, it seems, has no answer to give to the charge of being a thief.—*Albany Argus.*

Eupepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they my attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee the Electric Bitters, if used accordingly to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the deamon dyspepsia and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

—Mrs. Frances Constantine died at the residence of her son, in West Manayunk, on Monday, at the advanced age of 105 years and six months, she having been born in Philadelphia March 16, 1785. Although ailing for the past seventeen years, she was remarkably robust and in possession of her faculties until within a short time of her death. Her first husband was killed in the war of 1812. She leaves four children, twenty-one grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren.

—A sea lion in the Zoological Gardens at Paris has distinguished himself by saving the life of a little boy who tumbled into the water and couldn't get out in consequence of the high basin. The seal held him up until help was at hand.

The Record Falsified.

The publication of the expurgated and mitigated version of Congressman Kennedy's speech in the *Congressional Record* is a fraud upon the public. The portions now omitted were not uttered hastily in the heat of debate. They were, like the rest of the address, written down and read from manuscript carefully prepared. It is an open secret that the version telegraphed throughout the country by the Press Associations was an exact copy of the manuscript speech. But now, under the pressure of the Machine, Kennedy, who has cultivated a reputation for bluff honesty, dishonestly palms off upon the public something he did not say.

It is evident that the Chairman of the Republican National Committee has not yet entirely surrendered to the new "man from Maine." He has still sufficient command of the situation to compel an apparently daring oponent to eat his own words. For omitting from a speech such vulgarities and obscenities as Cannon uttered in the h at of discussion there might be some excuse in the necessity of preserving decorum in official publications. But such was not the case with Kennedy's assault, which was neither vulgar nor obscene, but couched in decent, although forcible language. The fact that it violated the courtesy that should obtain between co-ordinate legislative bodies was a good reason for pologetic action, perhaps, but certainly not for a falsification of the records, in the absence of any apology.

The official journal of Congress should always be what it purports to be—a stenographic report of its proceedings. Revision should relate to matters of form, not of substance; and when a speech has been prepared in advance and read from manuscrip, revision is out of place.—*N. Y., Star.*

Delamater's Collar.

The Philadelphia Daily *News*, one of the leading Republican papers of that city, which announces its refusal to support Delamater, in its issue of Sept. 2, says:

"A number of respectable newspapers in this city and in other cities in Pennsylvania, are trying, in vain, to prove that Senator Quay does not own Delamater. The truth is too plain. Delamater wears Quay's collar, in the sight of all men. Every rivet in that collar was forged by Quay's hand, and the padlock that secures it is Quay's padlock. Delamater could not get rid of the thing, if he would, and he is content to wear it, though it is a badge of infamy.

"It is not a pleasant thing to be known as a puppet in the hands of a man like Quay, and yet Senator Delamater dare not deny he is such a puppet. He dare not open his mouth—for, if he did, Quay would pull a string, and the jaws would come together. Like a monkey hitched to a string, Delamater must dance when his master wills, and though his collar galls him, he must wear it.

"Quay's collar is like a ticket, which all who run may read. Upon it is marked the dishonesty of the man who made it, and the degradation of the man upon whom it is fastened."

"How would the Republicans of this State like to elect a man with this shameful circlet under his chin to the Governor's chair. How would they like to see a man, marked by such a token, discharge the functions of chief executive of the commonwealth at Harrisburg."

A Blast from Somerset.

SOMERSET, PA., Sept. 15.—The following editorial, printed by *The Standard*, Republican, has caused a sensation here, because Somerset county Republicans are usualy the last to kick over the traces:

The dissension in the Republican party is produced, not so much by an aversion for Mr. Delamater as by the determination to rescue the party from the dishonor into which the selfishly artfulmethods of Mr. Quay are plunging it. Pure and untarnished Republicanism finds in the fear that the grand old party is being led into corruption a laudable stimulus to the discharge of duty. The desire for the removal of the leader who has, by dictatorial methods, broken the harmony of the party and thereby diminished its power, is not only patent, but it is increasing. Mr. Quay is silently resting under charges that no great political party can afford to let remain on its leader. These charges may be true or the y may be false; be that as it may, the public manner in which they were made and the circumstances surrounding them justify the people in believing them to be true until they have been successfully refuted. The ignore act is too hoary to enlist the sympathy of Republicans who have a higher regard for their party than for Quay. The fair-thinking people of the party demand of Mr. Quay a complete refutation of the charges, and feigned dignity will not ward off the demand. It is obviously Mr. Quay's purpose to own the party or kill it. Those who are trying to frustrate his purpose are showing unmistakable proof of their fidelity to their party.

Wanted at Home.

We understand Boss Quay has called for John Jarrett, United States consul at Birmingham, England, to return post haste to the province of Pennsylvania to get to work with all his power among the Welsh citizens in an endeavor to stem the current that is carrying them to the support of Governor Pattison. Mr. Jarrett is not expected to make any speeches, but practice the Delamater arts of handshaking and bamboozle among the Welsh, and so persuade them to vote for Quay's man Delamater for Governor. The Welsh are among the most moral and intelligent of our foreign born citizens, and differ from Senator Ingalls in carrying the decalogue into politics. Therefore they are not disposed to stand up for Quay the embezzler or Quay's man, against whom leading Republicans allege even more serious crimes. We don't think John Jarrett can convert the sturdy Welshman to boodle politics.—*Pittsburg Post.*

"MR. DELAMATER, in various personal interviews with uncertain Republican voters, has, during the past summer, explained to them that he disapproved the course and methods of Mr. Quay, though obliged to accept them to gain his present position, and he promised that upon his election he would free himself from such entanglements and labor for reform. If this explanation and this pledge of the Republican candidate is sincere, it proves him false to his political friends and false to the party platform which endorses Mr. Quay; hence his promises of reform are unworthy of confidence."—*Independent Address.*

A Scrap of Paper Saved Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrp of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another bottle and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful Discovery free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

—Mr. George Brandt, of Lilly was a visitor to our town on Wednesday.

—Dr. Murphy and Mr. F. D. Saupp, of Loretto, spent a few hours in town on Wednesday.

—A hog lost by a Lehigh county farmer was found after a month lodged tight in a hollow log.

—Patrick Conlan, who was brought to the Almshouse from Johnstown, on the 20th of June, last, died at that intsitution on Monday last.

—Mr. Joseph Hogue, Administrator of Florien Bengele, deceased of Loretto, offers some valuable real estate for sale in the borough of Loretto. See advertisement in another column.

—A matched black, three year-old team, will weigh between ten and a eleven hundred each. will be sold together or separate; also a sucking colt for sale by Jacob Holtz, Cambria township.

—At a meeting of the Cambria County Bar Association, held at the Court House, on Tuesday, it was resolved to attend the funeral of Chal L. Dick, Esq., in a body. In accordance with the resolution all the members of the Bar residing here left today (Thursday) on the 7.50 A. M. train, to attend the funeral which takes place at Jonstown at 2. P. M., this afternoon, at Grandview cemetery.

—Pennsylvania Railroad engine No. 1393, though its number starts with the figures supposed to bring misfortune, is just now doing more for a day's work than any other piece of locomotive machinery on the road. It makes two trips a day between Pittsburg and Altoona, or 468 miles, six days of the week. On what passes as its Sunday off, it takes an exercise spurt of 534 miles, or one round trip. Its weekly mileage is 3,042 miles, which is to say, that it runs the equivalent of the circumference of the earth every two months. Its actual running time is 15 hours and 30 minutes out of every 24, at the rate of about 30 miles an hour.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The store of J. F. Weaver, near Greensburg, Pa., was robbed of $150 worth of goods Sunday night.

—Two veterans, Charles Gordon and Martin Keckel, of Sullivan county, have started to walk ninety miles to Susquehanna to attend a reunion of war comrades.

—Senator Hearst and W. L. Scott are said to have won enough money with their respective stables during the past season to pay their campaign expenses for the next five years.

—Alexander Pickett, a well-known young man living near Wilkesbarre, Pa., was set upon by a crowd of six ruffians early Sunday morning and so badly beaten that he cannot recover.

—At Seattle, Wash., Sunday night Charles Brown made an insulting remark to the wife of E. T. Murphy, an intimate friend, whereupon Murphy shot Brown, inflicting a fatal wound.

—The body of James Bailey, riddled with bullets, was found near Elkhorn, W. Va., last Friday. He was an important witness against a number of prominent men indicted for murder in lynching a negro.

—The decomposed body of a man was found in the river at Lockhaven on Tuesday morning. It was not identified but is thought to be that of a man named Leininger, who was drowned at Keating last Spring.

—A valuable horse owned by S. P. Coursin, liveryman at McKeesport, was killed Monday afternoon by coming in contact with an electric wire. The mate of the horse was badly shocked, as was the colored driver.

—Charles A. Passmore, who is connected with the best known families in Chester county, has been sentenced to one year in the Eastern Penitentiary for entering and stealing. He is only 20 years old, and is heir to $20,000 when of age.

—The barn of A. M. Hall, in Washington township, Westmoreland county, with all the year's crop, was destroyed by fire Sunday night. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lantern it the hands of a member of the family. Loss $2,500. No insurance.

—In the manœuvers of the German army, smokeless powder has been found of more advantage to the defending than to the attacking force. The latter lose the veil that smoke affords to their movements, and the former do not need it, as their position is known and to a great extent fixed.

—A. C. Jarrett, the South Side real estate agent who disappeared from Pittsburg a few weeks ago after confessing judgment for $30,000, and who returned last week and said he would pay every cent he owed, has again disappeared, and this time very ugly statements concerning his transactions are made.

—William Brockie, shipping and commission merchant, agent of the Allen Steam-ship line, and one of Philadelphia's best-known business men, died from apoplexy on the street on Friday, morning, while on the way to his office. Mr. Brockie was President of the Maritime Exchange, and actively connected with the management of various financial institutions.

—John Dean and William Powers are in jail at Uolontown, charged with being the parties who tortured Mrs. Murket at McClellandtown at a late hour Friday night, by tying her to a bed, saturating her clothes with coal oil, and threatening to burn her to death if she did not reveal the hiding place of her money. Mrs. Murket positively identifies them as her assailants.

—A dispatch from Berlin, Germany, says: Twenty villages in the neighborhood of Targan are now inundated since September. The houses of several can only be entered through the attic windows and men and beasts alike have taken refuge in the garrets. Two thousand people are at the point of starvation, as the entire crop and most of the cattle are buried under the flood.

—At Mingo Junction, three miles below Steubenville, Ohio, Mrs. William Frazier, wife of a laborer, threw hot mortar into her husband's eyes on Monday evening, burning both of them out. Frazier has been putting up a new house and his wife had been hauling dirt out of the cellar. During the afternoon while doing this, Frazier came home drunk and abused his wife. She turned to a box of hot mortar near by and dashed a shovelful of it into his face. Frazier suffered intense pain and lost his eyesight in a short time.

—Word from Chattanooga, Tenn., says Mr. E Hirsch, an extensive mining operator who has secured options on the celebrated Ducktown copper mines, has returned from Polk county. He states that laborers have discovered a prehistoric city near Mineral Bluff, in the copper regions. Many evidences of Indian occupation have already been unearthed. The first and principal discovery was that of an ancient stone wall. It was traced for a mile. Traces of houses were also found during the brief investigation made and pottery found. Mr. Hirsh, who has visited the buried cities of the people in Arizonia, recognized it as of a similar character to the relics discovered there. There is a tradition handed down from the Indians that there was here a ruined city, and that vast treasures had been found. The work of excavation will be continued.

Everybody Reads the

Cambria All the News. **Freeman**

Only $1.50 per Year.

—A son of Henry Ritter, residing on one of the furnace farms in Ferguson valley, Mifflin county, was riding a mule on Saturday, when the animal threw him to the ground. A sharp pointed stick which the unfortunate lad was carrying pierced his abdomen, producing death shortly afterward.

—Frank Adler, a carpenter, climbed 150 feet up a steeple of the German Lutheran Church, in St. Louis, to replace the spire. While arranging to descend his foot became tangled in a rope, and in stooping over to release his foot he became overbalanced and fell. His body bounded off a cornice, then struck the roof of the chiem and fell to the ground a shapeless mass.

—The jury in the McCauley murder case tried at Beaver, Pa., returned a verdict of not guilty against Angus Smith at 3 P. M. on Friday, after being out about 22 hours. The verdict is one of the most surprising ever rendered in Beaver county. There was, perhaps, not a single person who heard the evidence who did not expect a verdict of manslaughter at least.

—An immense find of gold has been made in the vicinity of Rapid City, S. D., during the last few days, but the locater refuses to indicate its exact locality. Several pounds were taken to an assayer, who made several assays, the results of which far exceeded anything yet found in the hills. Four pounds of the rock yielded one and seven-tenths ounces. The prospector says he can get out seven hundred to 1,000 pounds daily. If such proves to be a fact a stampede of immense magnitude will occur as soon as the location is made known.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
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Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

Nothing On Earth Will
MAKE HENS LAY
LIKE
Sheridan's Condition Powder!
It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity it costs less than a tenth of a cent a day. Strictly a medicine. Prevents and cures all diseases. Good for young chicks. Worth more than gold when hens Moult. "One large can saved me $60, send six for $5 to prevent more," says a customer. If you can't get it send us 50 cents for two packs; five $1. A $1.4 parcel can $2.20 post-paid; 6 cans $5, expressage paid. "THE HOUSTON POULTRY PAPER," sample copy free. Poultry Raising Guide free with $1 orders or more. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.
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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
Trade Mark. QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.
—THE BEST TONIC.
This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal.
The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

IT LEADS ALL.
No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.
SCROFULA
For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the only true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.
CATARRH
"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.
ULCEROUS SORES "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore.
SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.
Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

GUNS
BIG SALE--$11.25.
The Marshal will now sell the BANKRUPT STOCK of a large Fire-Arms Company. Fine TOP ACTION, PISTOL GRIP, GENUINE ENGLISH TWIST STEEL, hand made, choke bore, DOUBLE BARRELLED SHOT GUNS, Walnut Stock, with all improvements, only $11.25 each. Will kill at 100 yards, and shoot as true as any $40 gun made. Best brass Shells, &c., &c., including Tools, 75c. per set. Fine Steel Rifles, $5.50 each. Double-barrel Choke Bored Shot Guns, at $2.25, $2.50 and $3 each, sent free. All goods warranted true and perfect. Goods returned if not satisfactory. Buy now and save money. Send for price list. Send orders by registered mail or money order to JOHN McDONOUGH, City Marshal, 221 Broadway, New York.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
—DEALERS IN—
General .·. Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.
Eckenrode & Hoppel,
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EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
BE UP TO THE MARK
Not to Split!
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BEARS THIS MARK.
TRADE
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NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.
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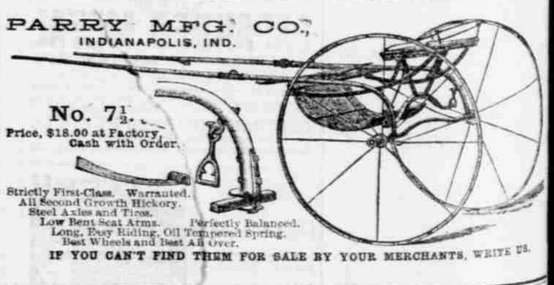


No. 7½.
Price, $18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.
Strictly First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over.
IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?
It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it.
What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make old cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 19, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—For additional local items see second page.

—Judge Dean, of Hollidaysburg, held court the present week for Judge Johnson.

—Mr. Francis Hoover, of Carroll township, was in town on Wednesday and stepped in to see the FREEMAN.

—Two private residences, property of H. Griffius, of Altoona, Pa., were destroyed by incendiary fires early on Monday morning.

—Mr. J. Farbaugh, of Carrolltown, will take pictures until October, 1st. After that date school opens. Customers please call in time.

—At the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad 196 skilled mechanics were suspended on Monday, making a total of 1,400 suspended from the service at that point.

—In the case of Harry Marsh convicted of the crime of murder, his counsel made a motion for a new trial which will be argued before Court on the first Monday in October.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after other fail.

—Miss Nancy O'Friel, of Altoona, while crossing a railroad track at Pittsburg, on Friday last, was struck by a passing train and instantly killed. Her remains were taken back to Altoona for interment.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Hay Fever, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use as directed. If you desire health and sweet breath.

—Although fourteen prisoners were released from jail on Saturday and seven taken to the penitentiary on Tuesday, there are still thirty one first class boarders at the jail while taking their meals at the expense of the county.

—Chalmers L. Dick., a well-known member of the Cambria county Bar and a prominent citizen of Johnstown, died on Monday night after a short illness. The deceased was 54 years of age, and leaves a wife and nine children to mourn his death.

—If the party who took a pocket book off the table in the sitting room of the Hotel Conway, in this place, on last Saturday a week ago, will return the papers that were in the pocket book, he can keep the money and no questions will be asked. The papers are of no value to anyone except the owner.

—Sheriff Silsneman and Deputy Sheriff Davis, on Tuesday morning, took the seven prisoners sentenced to the penitentiary last week to that institution. They were, George Boyd, William J. Farrell and Ludwig Swank; each for one year; Robert Orr and Thomas Watson, for two years, and Thomas Brown and George Fuller, for four years.

—A meeting for the purpose of organizing a Fair Association, will be held at the Council Room, on Friday evening, at half past seven o'clock. All interested in having a fair and race track, at or near Ebensburg are invited to attend, give expression to their views, and lend encouragement to the scheme by any suggestions that will aid in pushing the object along.

—William Kirkpatrick, son of Augustine Kirkpatrick died at his fathers' residence in this place, on Thursday evening of last week, aged about 23 years. The young man had been employed in Altoona, where he contracted typhoid fever and returned home about a month previous to his death. His remains were interred in Carrolltown on last Saturday morning.

—Burt Rees, the young man who was shot by his companion at Summerhill some months ago, and who for so long was an inmate of the hospital, died at his home on Sunday, September, 2, and was buried on the next Thursday. Several times it was thought he was dying, but he finally recovered sufficiently to admit his removal to his home where he at last died.—*Altoona Times.*

—The W. C. T. U. of Cambria county, will hold their annual County Convention in Ebensburg, on the 23 and 24 inst. Services will be held at the Presbyterian Church at 7 P. M. and at the Congregational Church in the evening at half past seven o'clock, when the meetings will be addressed by Mrs Bullock of New York and others. All are cordially invited to attend.

—The Democratic primaries in Clearfield county on Saturday last resulted in the selection of the following ticket: For treasurer, James McLaughlin, Clearfield; assembly, P. S. Heber, Dubois, and John Farrel, Houtzdale; commissioner, James Kerr; senator, Matt Savage; commissioners, George L. Thompson, Woodward township, and F. S. Gearhart, Chester Hill; auditor, D. J. Gingery, Bradford township, and H. F. Rowles, Clearfield; coroner, Dr. J. I. Brockbank, Curwensville. The ticket is conceded to be a strong one.

—Thomas S. Creery, and old citizen of this place, died at the residence of Samuel Miller, in Susquehanna township, on Tuesday September 11. The deceased was a veteran of the late war, having enlisted in Company A. 11th, Pennsylvania Reserves, that went out from Ebensburg, afterward re-enlisted in the Bucktail regiment and served to the end of the war. He was buried at East Ridge, Clearfield county, on Saturday of last week by G. A. R. Post No. 40 of Cherrytree. He leaves a family of children, two sons and two daughters, his wife having preceeded him to the tomb some four or five years ago.

—C. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite workers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior work manship of their designs are endorsed by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by numerous designs which they have placed in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the smallest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most fastidious of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and have as fine, if not the finest, stock on hand of marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other dealer or canvasser, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Hacklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Court Proceedings.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs. George Lingfereiter, on trial when we went to press last week for burglary and larceny, the jury found the defendant, not guilty.

In the following cases a *nolle prosequi* was entered, the defendant to pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Michael Haney, charged with assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Edward McCune, charged with assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Elisha Varner, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. Henry Reade, malicious mischief.

Commonwealth vs. John Shaffer and John Linger, malicious mischief.

Commonwealth vs Nell Grant, surety of the peace.

Commonwealth vs. A. W. Luckhardt, larceny by bailee.

Commonwealth vs. Kate J. McEntire, adultery.

Commonwealth vs. Frank Stophel, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs Dibert H. Overdorff, desertion.

Commonwealth vs. Walter Davis, fornication and bastardy.

The following cases were continued:

Commonwealth vs. Robert Hunt, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. John Craver, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. Henry Melhorn, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. Frank Jones, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. Nicholas Mulheron, assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Grant Wood, assault and battery.

Commonwealth vs. Nicholas Collins, larceny and receiving stolen goods.

Commonwealth vs. James Richards, seduction and fornication.

Commonwealth vs. Martha Reynolds, fornication.

Commonwealth vs. Cyrus Alexander, adultery.

Commonwealth vs. William Johnson, fornication and bastardy.

Commonwealth vs. James Kelly, surety of the peace.

Commonwealth vs. Robert H. Hutchison, defrauding a boarding house keeper.

Commonwealth vs. Edward Horner, fornication and bastardy.

Frank Roberts who plead guilty to a charge of fornication was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and costs.

Lucinda Swank who plead guilty to a charge of bigamy was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

THIRD WEEK.

John C. Martin vs. Neil McGlade, feigned issue. Jury find for plaintiff.

George M. Reade vs. Eliza Allenbaugh, et al. Ejectment. Jury find for Plaintiff.

William M. Brinker vs. Mrs. Parish, assumpsit. Defendant confesses judgment to plaintiff for $121.16.

Thomas Kerr & Co. vs. William Yinger, appeal. Continued.

Conrad Kunkel vs. Vonderlin and Keene, appeal. Continued.

O. J. Westover vs. Adam Bowers, *scire facias.* Defendant confesses judgment of revival.

Administrator of John Westover vs. Adam Bowers, *scire facias sur mortgage.* Defendant confesses judgment of revival, Use of Francis Filck vs. E. R. Adams, assumpsit. Continued.

J. M. Hemperly vs. Lilly, Merchandise Co. assumpsit. Defendant confesses judgment.

John G. Glasgow vs. F. A. Shoemaker, assumpsit. Continued.

Elvira J. Carroll vs. A. S. Saxman and James Carroll. Judgment opened.

Robbery in Ebensburg.

On last Sunday night Miss Mary Davis, milliner, when about to retire for the night discovered that she had been robbed of a tin box which contained about seventy-five dollars in money, and some papers. The thief had evidently gained access to the house while Miss Davis and her mother were at church and the probability is, that it was done by some one well acquainted with the premises and aware of the absence of the family.

Nothing was said about the robbery until the next morning, when Miss Sue Pryce, who lives about a square away, on getting up and opening her back door discovered a tin box lying on her door step, with the lid broken and containing some papers and money. She called Register and Recorder Blair and M. D. Kittell, Esq., close neighbors, and they examined the box and found that twenty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents in silver and some papers, and concluded on examination of the papers that the box belonged to Miss Davis. On taking the box to Miss Davis, she at once recognized it as belonging to her, but the contents were short about fifty dollars which was in paper money. Miss Pryce did not miss anything from her house and did not think of looking for several hours afterward, when she went to pay for something and found that she had been robbed of some six or seven dollars. The thief had went from Miss Davis' house to Miss Pryce's and was probably there when the latter returned from church, as on her return when she reached her front door, after opening the door she stood for some time chatting with some friends before entering, when the thief heard her and escaped and was in too great a hurry to pick up the box and afraid to return for it.

The Republican Conference.

The Republican Congressional Conference for this district met here on Tuesday at two o'clock at the Lloyd House. The delegates from Bedford county were, M. V. Reth, John W. Lingenfelter and John W. Madore; Blair county, J. W. Curry, L. B. Templeton and George M. Patterson; Somerset county, Josiah Keller, George W. Pile and Elias Cunningham; Cambria county, F. H. Barker, John M. Rose, and W. W. McAteer. After several meetings and adjournments, and after taking twenty-nine ineffectual ballots, they finally adjourned on Wednesday night to meet at the Lloyd House, in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 30th inst. During the balloting the Cambria and Somerset delegates voted for Congressman Scull, Bedford voted for John Cessna and the Blair county delegates voted for Hicks. The Blair and Bedford county delegates occasionally varied the monotony of the count by voting solidly for Hicks or Cessna making it stand Scull 6 and Hicks or Cessna 6. The chances are that they will have an interesting fight, and we don't care who gets licked.

What is a Cold

in the head? Medical authorities say it is due to uneven clothing of the body, rapid cooling when in a perspiration, &c. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose, which, when unchecked, is certain to produce a catarrhal condition—for catarrh is essentially a "cold" which nature is no longer able to "resolve" or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superiority and sufferers should resort to it before that common ailment becomes seated and ends in obstinate catarrh.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE ROPE.

Harry Marsh Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree.

The case of the Commonwealth against Harry Marsh, for the murder of Clara Shakshaft, at Gallitzin, on the morning of July 6th was reached on Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

CLARA SHAKSHAFT (JONES)

One hour and fifty minutes were taken up in empanelling the jury: forty-four challenges were made and but seven jurors had been secured when the clerk announced to the Court that the panel was exhausted. The Sheriff then called from the bystanders until five more jurors were secured.

The following named persons were selected as jurors: William Cole, Levi G. Howard, William Kountz, David Kratzer, W. G. Myers, John B. Myers, John Stormer, Joseph Anderson, Lawrence Murphy, Thomas Davis, Jonathan Reese, and R. B. Van Ormer, the five last named being talesmen.

After selecting the jury Court adjourned until Friday morning at 8 o'clock.

On Friday morning after the opening of Court, District Attorney O'Connor opened the case for the Commonwealth by detailing the story of the crime.

HARRY MARSH.

The first witness called was John Nagle who testified as follows:

I live at Gallitzin, Cambria County; on the 6th of last July I was coming in the Quarry road toward Gallitzin, in from the mountain; I saw this defendant that day; I was coming along the road and I saw something red a short distance ahead of me; I didn't know what it was at first; next I saw this defendant coming toward me; he came on until we met; he told me he had committed a murder; he said he had murdered a girl and that he would give himself up, I should take him to the police; I walked along with him and he told me the man he wanted me to take him to; he told me to take him to Louis Spiegelhalter, the Chief of police of Gallitzin borough; I went went with him, and when we came to the girl again he insisted on me not stopping—to go on with him; so I went on with him and took him down, and on the way going down he told me it was jealousy caused him to kill the girl and that he intended to drag her into the woods and hide her where nobody would see her; he had no weapon in his hand; he didn't show me any and I didn't see any; I suppose I was away couple of hundred feet when I first observed the body of the girl; he was about fifty or seventy-five from the body when I first saw him; I didn't stop to examine the girl as I went by; I just looked around at her and saw she was all over blood—her face and clothes; I took the defendant to Louis Spiegelhalter and then I went back and saw the body.

Cross-examined: This was about half a mile from the depot at Gallitzin; the place where the body was found was about four hundred or five hundred yards from the railroad; the body was right at the side of the road, with the feet in the wagon track; the nearest house was about as far as from the Court House to the Jail (about two squares); she was lying on the sod and there was a pool of water near her head; the defendant appeared stouter and heavier than he is now, and he was apparently sober; he seemed to be excited a great deal; he made no attempt to get away; he did not tell me that the girl asked him to kill her; I saw the razor after they put him in the lockup; I never saw the man before that day.

Louis Speigehalter, the policeman who took charge of Marsh after he gave himself up was then called and testified to Marsh's admitting the commission of the crime, and handing him the bloody razor saying: "Here's what I done it with," and that "I knocked her down with a coupling pin and then cut her throat."

John Witt, was called who testified to substantially the same facts as John Nagle with the further fact that he found a coupling pin with blood on it nineteen steps from where Clara Shakshaft was found.

Dr. Frank D. Ferguson, of Gallitzin, was called who testified to being called to attend the wounded girl and as to her death being caused by the injuries received. Also that on the morning after receiving the injuries Clara Shakshaft was delivered of a foetus approximately about three months old.

Several other witnesses were called but their testimony threw no additional light in the case.

The defense did not deny the killing but sought to reduce the degree from that of first to second degree. For this purpose, several witness were called who testified that Marsh had been drinking for a week before the murder, but none of them had seen him on the morning of July 6th.

Marsh himself took the stand and testified as follows:

I was at Mr. Guthridge's house on Sunday morning; when me and Clara went into the kitchen she asked me to go for a walk, that she had something particular to tell me; when we got out on the Quarry road she told me she was in the family way, and that it was Mr. John Redman that had ruined her; she then asked me to kill her to hide her disgrace—she couldn't bear it.

When she told me this it drove me crazy—I cent my senses right away, and in my madness the deed was committed; I had been drinking on Saturday and all the preceding week; I knowed Clara ever since I went to Gallitzin, but only kept company with her since the second of July last; I took a notion to marry Clara and I quit work at Gallitzin and went down to Tipton to get work and I thought of going down there and getting a place and coming back to ask her mother for her consent.

Clara had asked me to marry her; I was drinking on Saturday night at Guthridge's; I drank whisky and beer there in the presence of Guthridge; when I went back there, after going out at 12 o'clock, I didn't have anything more to drink till morning; then I saw the bottle on the cupboard with whisky in and I drank some of it, and Clara went to the cellar and fetched me some beer.

On Cross-examination Marsh testified that the razor belonged to Mr. Banfield, that he got it on Friday morning; that he did not know where he got the coupling pin, but thought he got it at the railroad; and that he did not remember of telling Nagle he was going to drag the body into the woods to hide it.

Attorney McNellis argued the prisoner's side of the case to the jury and District Attorney O'Connor, the Commonwealth's.

After Judge Johnston had delivered his charge, the jury retired to their room and after an absence of fifty minutes returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. After the verdict was announced the counsel for the prisoner requested the Court to have the jury polled which was accordingly done, each juror as his name was called and on being asked how he found answered "guilty in the first degree."

The announcement of the verdict had no visible effect on Marsh, not a muscle in his face moved, and he seemed to be indifferent, to the fearful dilema that the finding of a verdict of murder in the first degree placed him in.

List of Jurors.

Following is the list of Grand and Traverse Jurors drawn to serve at December Term of Court

GRAND JURORS.

Baker, Jacob, farmer, Susquehanna twp.
Bearer, Joseph, farmer, Carroll twp.
Berry, C. C., laborer, Wilmore.
Blumm, Nicholas, heater, Stoneycreek twp.
Brown, T. W., farmer, Dean twp.
Cope, W. W., foreman, Johnstown.
Crouse, Charles, hotelkeeper, South Fork.
Dingle, James, miner, South Fork.
Dunn, Joseph A., farmer, Barr twp.
Dyer, Nathan, laborer, Johnstown.
Evans, Hosea, carpenter, Ebensburg.
Free, Richard, innkeeper, Ashville.
Gabrielle, Louis, laborer, Johnstown.
Hammers, August, laborer, Johnstown.
Kibler, Michael J., farmer, Chest twp.
Luther, S. J., farmer, White twp.
Murphy Michael L., farmer, Cambria twp.
Murry, John, blacksmith, Lower Yoder twp.
McGonagle, H. laborer, Franklin.
McGough, G. G., fireman, Franklin.
McHugh, B. D., engineer, Reade twp.
Plunkett, Patrick, laborer, Tunnelhill.
Pryce John W., foreman, Johnstown.
Scanlan, James C., farmer, Cambria twp.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Baumer, Louis, merchant, Johnstown.
Boyle, Patrick, merchant, Johnstown.
Costlow, Frank, laborer, Johnstown.
Davis, Richard, merchant, Johnstown.
Dimond, Chas., merchant, Croyle twp.
Dimond, Wm. H., laborer, Croyle twp.
Donoho, Joseph, farmer, Clearfield twp.
Elder, Jas., tinner, Stoneycreek twp.
Engle, Isaac, paper hanger, Johnstown.
Fichtner, Chas., farmer, Carroll twp.
Fisher, F. S., merchant, Johnstown.
Gates, David, farmer, Lower Yoder twp.
Hammers, Francis, miner, Portage twp.
Hegan, John S., drummer, Lower Yoder twp.
Harris, Thomas T., laborer, Johnstown.
Jones, John J., farmer, Cambria twp.
Kibler, George, farmer, Elder twp.
Krise, Uriah, farmer, Richland twp.
Link, Martin, farmer, Clearfield twp.
Ludwig, Samuel, faller, Ebensburg, E. W.
Lloyd, Fergus, merchant, Ebensburg, W. W.
McCoy, Frank, plasterer, Johnstown.
McDermott, Cornellius, laborer, Cooperdale
McGough, Demitrius, farmer, Allegheny twp.
Mangus, Samuel, laborer, Lower Yoder twp.
Murphy, Michael T., hotelkeeper, Johnstown.
Mock, Gideon, farmer, Susquehanna twp.
Mellinger, George, roller, Johnstown.
Myers, O. P., laborer, Adams twp.
Myers, G. J., farmer, Gallitzin twp.
Myers, August, merchant, Johnstown.
O'Brien, Edward, contractor, Lilly bor.
Ott, John, Jr., farmer Carroll twp.
Ott, Thomas, merchant, Elder twp.
Platt, Arthur, policeman, Gallitzin.
Parsons, Joseph, clerk, Johnstown.
Rose, John E., fireman, Johnstown.
Roberts, Scott W., farmer, Summerhill twp.
Schonhart, John, saloonkeeper, Johnstown.
Shirey Michael, carpenter, Johnstown.
Shoffer, Henry, laborer, Johnstown.
Schettig, Adam, farmer, Cambria twp.
Schneider Fred, farmer, Washington twp.
Troxell, Ferry, farmer, Reade twp.
Wingate, Peter J., farmer, Richland twp.
Widman, John, merchant, Johnstown.
White, John L., laborer, Johnstown.
Winsettle, Michael, farmer, Croyle twp.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Adams, Augustin, farmer, Clearfield twp.
Arble, Frederick, farmer, Carroll twp.
Ambrose, Morris, tinner, Lower Yoder twp.
Adams, Edward R., innkeeper, Johnstown.
Alter, E. E., tinner, Lower Yoder twp.
Bain, Benjamin, weighmaster, Johnstown.
Beers, W. H., farmer, Reade twp.
Buck, James, wagonmaker, Gallitzin.
Benford, F. A., hotelkeeper, Johnstown.
Bebee, Luke, farmer, Clearfield twp.
Costlow, John, laborer, Conemaugh twp.
Crouse, Joseph, hotelkeeper, Johnstown.
Crouse, John, hotelkeeper, Chest Springs.
Carney, Alfred, farmer, Jackson twp.
Conrad, Simon, miller, Lilly's
Duncan, Chas., miller, Blacklick twp.
Dunn, John W., distiller, Carrolltown.
Evans Evan E., grocer, Ebensburg.
Fleming Wm. C., farmer, White twp.
Green, Westley, artist, Johnstown.
Green, Evan, teamster, Johnstown.
Gutwald, Peter, butcher, Gallitzin.
Griffith, Eli, farmer, Stoneycreek twp.
Horner, S. F., machinist, Johnstown.
Hughs, Peter, laborer, Johnstown.
Kress, Chas. F., brewer, Johnstown.
Kauffman, Daniel, farmer, Croyle twp.
Lighthouse, L., laborer, Johnstown.
Lutz, David, miner, Kider twp.
Lewis Evan G., foreman, Johnstown.
Malony, Jas. B., farmer, Allegheny twp.
Miller, Jacob M., farmer, Richland twp.
Muncy, Michael, laborer, Johnstown.
McGonigal M. A., merchant, Lilly's,
Oertz, Herman, farmer, Richland twp.
O'Boud, Patrick, miner, Tunnelhill.
O'Toole, John, laborer, Johnstown.
Rusher, Lewis, foreman, East Conemaugh.
Rodgers, Oscar, innkeeper, Johnstown.
Roberts, Rees J., farmer, Munster twp.
Robb, R. F., market master, Johnstown.
Rose, Edward, saw mill hand, Susquehanna twp.
Skelley, Philip, farmer, Summerhill twp.
Smith, Jno. W., laborer Johnstown.
Trexler, Robert A., farmer, Adams twp.
Treite, Albert, laborer, Johnstown.
Quartz, Michael, conductor, Washington twp.
Wonderly, Edward, smith, Johnstown.

TRAVERSE JURORS—THIRD WEEK.

Adair, Alexander, gentleman, Johnstown.
Bryne, Wm., laborer, Ebensburg.
Biter, Randolph, teacher, Gallitzin.
Benning, Mather, machinist, Johnstown.
Brawley, Alexander, farmer, Barr twp.
Burkett, Thomas E., merchant, Tunnelhill.
Bender, Conrad, laborer, Lower Yoder twp.
Congleton, A. B., laborer, Franklin.
Campino, John, asst. foreman, Johnstown.
Conlon, Patrick, laborer, Johnstown.
Collins, Thomas E., mill hand, Johnstown.
Clark, John, laborer, Johnstown.
Cargo, B. B., conductor, Johnstown.
Conklin, James, blacksmith, West Taylor twp.
Dugan, Hugh, farmer, Portage twp.
Davis, Chauncey, laborer, Lower Yoder twp.
Dennet, Irvin, laborer, Stoneycreek twp.
Eckenrode, Francis, clerk, Gallitzin.
Eckenrode, Henry J., miller, Carroll twp.
Fiscus, Sebastian, undertaker, Loretto.
Griffith, Benjamin, laborer, Johnstown.
Gore, George G., laborer, Johnstown.
Huss, Samuel, carpenter, Johnstown.
Johnston, Wm., clerk, Lower Yoder twp.
James, Enoch, bartender, Johnstown.
Johnston, Joseph, carpenter, Stoneycreek twp.
Jones, J. J., teamster, Lower Yoder twp.
Kohler, Andrew laborer, Conemaugh twp.
Kredel, George, druggist, Johnstown.
Koontz, Jacob, carpenter, Johnstown.
Loughrey, Clark H., clerk, Coopersdale.
Leffler, Charles, merchant, Johnstown.
Little, D. C., carpenter, Chest Springs.
Lloyd, Harry, express agent, Ebensburg.
McCance, Albert, farmer, Chest twp.
McKenna, John, laborer, Washington twp.
McGough, Silas, miner, Reade twp.
Reishamer, John, farmer, Cambria twp.
Ryan, Michael, mill hand, Johnstown.
Singer, James M., farmer, Jackson twp.
Sherbine, Isaiah, farmer, Jackson twp.
Skelly, James F., farmer, Summerhill twp.
Scanlan, Robt. banker, Ebensburg.
Trozell, Owen, laborer, Elder twp
White, James, farmer, Blacklick twp.
Westrick, James, farmer, Elder twp.
Wasson, William, farmer, Carroll twp.
Wissinger, Thomas, farmer, Richland twp.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, September 17, 1890.

Frank Muslick and Maggie Winsock, Portage township.

John Bassett, South Fork, and Janet White, Banksville, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Desire Deloze and Aline Maire, Ehrenfield.

Peter Gutwald and Clara L. Bradley, Gallitzin.

Sebastian Brownstater, Johnstown, and Fredericka M. Mette, Lower Yoder township.

Joseph Heller, Lower Yoder, and Lizzie Burkhard Johnstown.

George Drew and Louisa Glitch, Johnstown.

Charles C. Toombs and Susan Miller, Johnstown.

Charles Bostrom and Annie Lundback, Johnstown.

Joseph Lodge and Catharine Adam, Frugality.

Francis H. Yahner, Chest township, and Mary Monahan, Ashville.

Harry J. West, Johnstown and Mollie H. Daubt, Allegheny, Pa.,

Jacob Murrett and Catharine Thomas, Johnstown.

James Ratchford and Mary Alice Giles, Frugality.

Wilson P. Glunt Altoona, Pa., and Mame C. Dunn, Reade township.

Daniel M. Hess and Elizabeth Stevenson, Morrellville.

John A. Johnson and Emma Anderson, Frugality.

James H. Parks and Ethel C. Kanouff, Stonerville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

David Brown and Catharine D. Bell, Dean township.

Francis Ivory, Gallitzin, and Annie Locomire Clearfield township.

Harry C. Frank Hollidaysburg, Pa., and V. H. Eckenrode Carrolltown, Pa.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

B. & B.

Late Buyers

Are More Fortunate

Than Usual This Season.

In many lines in our Dress Goods Departments we find a surplus, particularly in SUMMER WOOLENS.

This surplus must go. Room is needed for Fall goods now arriving.

A sale of Fine Imported Dress Goods Novelties—40 to 42 inch goods at 50 cents.

Very large and choice line, every piece of which is down in price from $1.00 to $1.25. Surely this is reaching Bed Rock.

Choice line of 50 inch Cloths, 50 cents. 36 inch Wool Suitings, 35 cents.

And in the SILK DEPARTMENT.

Extra quality 19 inch Black Surahs, 50 cents.

26 inch Black Surahs, 75 cents.

A very large line of COLORED RHADAME SILKS, 19 inches wide, 70 cents, worth intrinsically $1.25.

100 pieces Colored Armure Silks at $1.00, extra heavy quality, down from $1.25 and $1.50. That is to say, both our $1.25 and $1.50 Armures now marked $1.00 a yard.

These and many other items for late buyers to profit by in these stores.

Write our Mail Order Department. It offers same advantages as are presented over the counter.

BOGGS & BUHL,

115 to 119 Federal St.

ALLEGHENY, - - PA.

NOTICE TO PERSONS

DESIRING TO INVEST IN

Borough Bonds!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds in the amount of $6,000.00, in sums of $100.00 each, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free from taxation so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desiring to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned or Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Burgess, the amount or number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the first purchasers presenting themselves, hence the necessity of promptness in making known the number of bonds desired. E. E. EVANS,

Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890. Burgess.

HASTINGS HOTEL.
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at the Station, near the centre of the town, on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County. In the matter of the first and final account of John Whalen, Executor of Patrick Conan, late of South Fork Borough, deceased.

Having been appointed Auditor by said Court to report distribution of the fund in the hands of the Accountant. Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the Borough of Ebensburg, on Thursday, the 23rd day of October, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
Ebensburg, Pa., Sept. 15, 1890. Auditor.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Whereas by Deed of Assignment, dated the 15th day of September, 1890, the Lilly Merchandise Company, Limited, of Lilly, Pa., assigned all their property and effects to George Brant for the benefit of creditors. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said company to present them, and those knowing themselves to be indebted to make payment to

GEORGE BRANT,
Lilly, Pa. Assignee.
3t

FOR SALE.

In Cambria Township, within fifteen minutes walk of Post Office, a small property, beautifully situated and affording a fine view of the town and surrounding country. Contains five and a half acres (6½) of fertile land, a fine orchard, lawn shaded with maples and catalpa trees. Four roomed house with summer kitchen, wood and coal house attached. Excellent cellar. Drilled well, never failing supply of pure, cold water. Good stable, three stalls and carriage shed. Excellent location for summer home, or fruit and truck farm. For terms call on or address,

MRS. A. R. READ,
Ebensburg, Pa.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Cornelius Morris, late of Clearfield township, in the county of Cambria, Pa., deceased, having been granted the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement. MARGARET E. MORRIS,
Administratrix.

Clearfield township, September 5, 1890.6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of administration upon the estate of A. J. Christy, late of Loretto, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.

J. R. DENNY,
Administrator of A. J. Christy, deceased.
August 15, 6t.

STRAY BULL.

Strayed away from the subscriber residing in Loretto, Cambria county, Pa., on or about the 9th day of June last, a brindle bull, one year and nine months old. Any person knowing the whereabouts of the aforesaid bull will confer a favor by giving information to the undersigned.

JACOB STEBERGER.
Loretto, Pa., September 5th, 1890. 4t

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ebf-18-90

Job work of all kinds neatly executed at this office. Give us a trial.

Of Interest to the

PEOPLE OF GALLITZIN.

A Present for Every School Boy!

School will soon commence and parents should remember that Gus. Simon has the largest and best assortment of

Children's Clothing in Cambria Co.

Suits for ages ranging in age from 4 to 14 years, selling at $1.22, $1.45, $1.74, $1.98 and up to $5.00. Boys' Suits from $2.75 and up to $10. To every purchaser of a boy's suit we will present a slate and pencil free of charge. So bring the little ones and get them a suit at "can't be beat" prices. Bear in mind that Mr. Simon is now in the East and new goods will arrive daily.

Young Men, Here is Something that will Interest You!

Black Cheviot Suits will be "all the go" this Fall. Our Mr. Simon has sent home the largest assortment of Cheviot Suits ever seen in Cambria county. We have them in Cutaways, Round Sacks, Single and Double-Breasted, silk-faced or plain best silk bound or raw edge. Nothing but the best made and most reliable clothing will be handled by us. We will give you full value—100 cents for every dollar. Watch the windows of our new store for the latest styles and novelties in Gent's Wear.

PANTS, PANTS, PANTS.

If you wear pants look at our assortment and it will do your eyes good, as we have them from 75 cents up to $7 per pair. The variety of our patterns and grades are too many to mention separately, so call and see for yourself. It is never too much trouble for us to show our goods. Remember we have also a full line of half spring and full spring bottom pants. Just arrived our Fall styles of

Stiff and Soft Hats.

It is now time to discard your straw hat and you can easily afford to do so when you can buy a black Derby hat of the very latest style for $1.25. Four different shapes to select from. If you want to be "in the swim," wear one of those nobby Evening Sun hats. We keep a full assortment of gents silk and velvet caps which will be retailed at 45 cents each. Good black caps at 25 cents each. A full line of soft felt hats from 48 cents to $3.

BOYS, DON'T NEGLECT TO GET A BEAU.

We have just received the finest line of Gent's Neckwear the Eastern cities can produce. The line comprises all the late shades and all the different styles. Our Ring Ties are the acknowledged beauties of the town and only 48 cents for your pick of 100 styles. Our line of Four-in-Hand Teck Scarfs, Windsor's Dude Bows and String Ties can't be beat—a large assortment to select from for 24 cents.

The Weather is Changing

and you can't go around much longer with your old shoes. Bear in mind that Mr. Simon went direct to Boston and will buy his stock of shoes from the manufacturer for spot cash; so if in need of anything in the shoe line come to us. Full particulars next week. For a NOBBY LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOAT go to

GUS. SIMON,

Gallitzin's Largest Cash Merchant, Chestnut Street, Gallitzin, Pa.

Remember we pay your fare both ways providing your purchases amount to $10 or over.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

THE undersigned will expose to public sale at the hotel property of Florian Bengele, deceased, in the Borough of Loretto, Cambria County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, September 27th, 1890, at one o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, viz:

No. 1. A piece or lot of ground situate in the Borough of Loretto, Cambria County, Pennsylvania, fronting on the East on St. Mary's Street, and bounded on the South by the old Ebensburg road, on the West by an alley, and on the North by other properties of Florian Bengele, and having thereon erected a large two-storied

Frame House,

in use as a hotel property, a large barn, and all necessary outbuildings, all in good repair. This property has been licensed as a hotel property for upwards of thirty years.

No. 2. A piece or parcel of land situate in Allegheny Township, in said County of Cambria, adjoining the Borough of Loretto, bounded on the North by the Ebensburg road, on the East by the Chest Springs road, on the South by the hotel property above described, and on the West by an alley, containing three lots of ground, and having a two storied

FRAME HOUSE,

formerly used as a brew house, thereon erected.

No. 3. A piece or parcel of land situate in the said Township of Allegheny, bounded on the North and East by the Chest Springs road, on the South by the Ebensburg road, and on the West by land of the estate of Michael Leavy, deceased, containing about

6 1-2 ACRES.

No. 4. A piece or parcel of land situate in said Township of Allegheny, adjoining lands of Peter Flick, Jr., W. A. B. Little and Adam Rudolph, containing

24 ACRES and 124 PERCHES,

of which about ten acres are cleared.

TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid at time of sale, the balance of one third on delivery of deed, one-third in six months, and the remaining third in twelve months from the time of sale. Deferred payments to bear interest, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH HOGUE,
Executor of Florian Bengele, decd.
Loretto, Pa., Sept. 16, 1890. 2t

ALEXANDER F. MAY,
CATERER

Superstitions About the Apple in England and Scotland.

In Scotland and in England the apple is a very popular divining medium in matters. Part of this popularity is probably due to the common notion that the tree of knowledge of good and evil was an apple tree. Horace mentioned the use of apple pips in love affairs. A lover would take a pip between the finger and thumb, and shoot it up in the ceiling, and if it struck it his or her wish would be accomplished.

Nowadays a maiden tests the fidelity of her beloved by putting a pip in the fire, at the same time pronouncing his name. If the pip bursts with a report it is a sign that he loves her, but should it burn silently she is convinced of his want of true affection for her. This is often preformed with nuts instead of pips.

Gay mentions the very common amusement of paring an apple without breaking the peel, and then throwing the strap over the left shoulder, in order to see the initial letter of the lover's name formed by the shape the paring takes upon the ground.

This is often one of the many divinations duly practiced on Holloween or All Saint's eve. Another way of the same season is for the curious maiden to stand before a looking glass combing her hair with one hand and eating an apple held in the other.

The face of the future husband will then be seen in the looking glass looking over her left shoulder. Mrs. Latham, in her "Sussex Superstitions," gives another apple charm. Every person present fastens an apple on a string hung and twirled round before a hot fire.

The owner of the apple that first falls off is declared to be upon the point of marriage; and as they fall successively the order in which the rest of the party will attain to matrimonial honors is clearly indicated, single blessedness being the lot of the one whose apple is the last to drop.

Rules for a Clear Skin.

You want to keep your skin nice all the time? Well, then, here are some rules for you:

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when you are traveling unless it is with a little alcohol and water, or a little vasaline.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water. Give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off of it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain, gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead give your face a Russian bath every night; that is bathe it with warm water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then, a minute after, with cold water that will make it glow with garmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby while your skin is growing firmer and coming from out of wrinkles the while you are resting.

A Leopard Tamed by Perfume.

Wild animals are completely facinated and can be tamed by perfumes. There was a Mrs. Lee, in India, who had a tame leopard that played in the house with her children. He was very inquisitive, as all of the cat tribes are, and loved to stand on his hind legs with his fore paws on the window sill and look at the passers-by.

When the children wanted the place for themselves they would all take hold of his tail and pull him down by that. He was generally very amiable, but sometimes, his claws being very sharp, the children were scratched.

So Mrs. Lee taught Sol to keep his claws sheathed by giving him, when he did so, a little paper tray on which lavender water had been dropped. This would throw him into transports of delight. He would tear the paper into bits and roll over them on the floor. With nothing but a bottle of lavender water I have become the best of friends with a leopard, a tigress and a lioness, in a menagerie.

How to Test a Horse.

If you find your horse's disposition will do, you must next try his powers. Get on him to ascertain the capacity of the lungs. Unless these are sound and capacious the best leg will not carry him fast.

On a good level road or on an uphill slope and without much load either on him or behind him, getting him to trot a mile in five minutes. Then get down and watch him breathing. See if the nostrils easily open quite wide enough for their work.

Listen at the windpipe and take care there is no sign of wheezing there.

Look at the flanks and see if they are working hard or if they quiet down as they do directly after the horse stops. Especially notice if their working is regular, and with no double spasmodic effort to expel the wind.

Any sign of such uncomfortable action should be a fatal objection to any horse, and your trial need proceed no further.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

PEOPLE in good health require eight hours' sleep. Thin, nervous people require ten.

JOB :: PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

Is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion. We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every description in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

Lowest Cash Prices.

Nothing but the best material is used and our work speaks for itself. We are prepared to print on the shortest notice

POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, BUSINESS CARDS, TAGS, BILL HEADS, MONTHLY STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, LABELS, CIRCULARS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CHECKS, NOTES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, BOND WORK, LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, AND HOP AND PARTY INVITATIONS, ETC.

We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman,

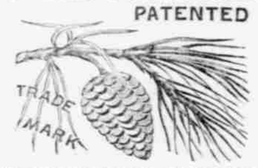
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

ALLAN'S

PINE NEEDLE

CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

PATENTED



These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

FREEHOLD, N. J.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is the Blacking for Men, Women and Children.
The RICHEST BLACK POLISH.
Making Leather Waterproof and Durable.
No Brush. A Shine Lasts a Week.
Can be washed with water, same as Oil cloth.
The Finest Dressing for Harness.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, and retailers generally.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA

ONE POUND

PEOPLES AND CATTLE POWDERS

TRADE MARK

CONTAINS NO POISON

FOR

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve thenes at once. *Manufactured by the*

JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

PERUVIAN TONIC LIVER REGULATOR.

The only sure and radical cure for

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,

and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by **D. T. Ketring, Williamsburg, Pa.**, for the "P. T. L. R." Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.

None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.

April 25th, '90-1y.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS

EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

M. D. KITTELL,

Attorney-at-Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

Interesting Relics.

A rusty musket and an ancient silver watch were found at the bottom of the Merrimac river a few days ago which suggest an interesting history. The Musket was broken at the grip and otherwise showed marks of damage. The hammer was down and there was no bullet inside. The watch is the more interesting relic of the two; its exterior and interior are finely engraved but only the latter can be seen, as the action of the water has worn away most of the outer engraving.

It is a hunting scene, showing an Indian on snowshoes armed with a knife and a hatchet, awaiting the charge of a mouse that had turned at bay.

The inside of the outer case bears this inscription: "Presented to Joshua Armstrong on his 21st birthday by his loving mother, Prudence Armstrong, April 10, 1620."

The inscription of the maker is as follows: "John Bowles, Astrologer to his Majesty, 198 Threadneedle Street, London." The discovery has given rise to many speculations; it is possible the place was the scene of a tragedy, as it was a famous stamping-ground of the Indians, and is near where they buried their dead and the squaws cultivated maize. The dates show that the watch might have been on the spot when the Indians held the land, and the action of the water upon it indicates that it has laid at the bottom of the river for many generations.

A Financier of Four.

Master Tommy, a boy of four, has developed and early fondness for dimes and nickels, and, although he seldom asks directly for them, wherever he goes the air is full of hints. There is an old lady living near Tom's home who is very fond of him, but who also is extremely careful of her small change, so that none of it ever finds its way into the little financier's pockets. Tom had nearly exhausted ingenuity in hinting, and at last, by a fortunate hit, succeeded.

He went over there the other morning in a penniless condition and leaned affectionately against the knee of his old friend, who at once possessed herself of one of his chubby hands and began to fondle it.

"I would give a thousand dollars to have such a nice little boy as you for my own," she said, petting him.

"How much is a thousand dollars?" asked Tom, with wide open eyes.

"It is a great deal of money," said the old lady, with a sigh.

"Am I worth as much as that if papa would sell me?" inquired the young speculator.

"Yes, dear, and a great deal more," said his friend.

"Then," said Tom, with a cherubic smile, "don't you think it is worth a nickel to hold my hand?"

Farm and Garden Notes.

Canada thistles love the lazy man.

This is a good season to cut timber.

Have you a good drill for fall seeding?

Shade and good water in pastures now.

Dehorning and dewrinkling the Merino sheep is suggested.

How to feed soil is still one of the problems of the age.

As the pasture shrioks, the hay and grain ration should swell.

Early cutting of grass for hay favors the growth of the second crop.

The most prominent system of fruit culture on large farms is the shiftless system.

Some Pennsylvania fruit growers raise tobacco in their orchards, and do it successfully. But they don't allow any weeds to grow there except the tobacco weed.

Fruit should be handled much as eggs are handled. It will not break as readily as eggs, but it will bruise and depreciate through rough usage and this results in loss.

The peach is a fruit for late summer and autumn, and it would find little market in winter even could it be grown and kept along with apples. Every fruit has its season.

Howells' Heroines.

While admitting that the novelist's heroines are true to life, in many instances being actual photography, women out of books object to them for that very reason. Real life and real people are prosaic and tiresome; they carve something unreal and proportionately interesting. A rather startling story is told in this connection: At a dinner party in Boston a well known woman writer sat beside the novelist. Some one called on her for a speech, and, womanlike she refused to respond. "Oh, you must say something," Mr. Howells insisted. "Get up and say the first thing that comes into your head." The lady rose at his instigation and said slowly: "I can't make a speech, I never could; but Mr. Howells told me to say the first thing that came into my head, and so I will say Mr. Howell, where in the world do you find the perfectly atrocious women you give us in your book?" and, under cover of the laugh which followed the embarssed lady escaped—having conclusively proved that the novelist's description of feminine eccentricities are not over drawn.

"Dunno."

The train of the North was late, and as it drew up near the station there was a great deal of hurrying to get the large amount of waiting express matter on board. In the midst of the bustle and confusion a man approached with a dog in his arms and a most bewildered expression on his face.

"Look quick there!" shouted the express agent; "where's that dog going?"

The bewilderdd expression deepened on the man's face as he gazed at the struggling puppy in his arms, and he drawled out:—

"Well, I dunno, and he dunno, and nobody dunno, and he's eat his tag!"

Wasan't that dog in a dilemma?—

SUBSCRIBE for the FREEMAN.

THE SPRING MEDICINE YOU WANT

Paine's Celery Compound

Purifies the Blood,
Strengthens the Nerves,
Stimulates the Liver,
Regulates the Kidneys and Bowels,
Gives Life and Vigor to every organ.

There's nothing like it.

"Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I procured some of Paine's Celery Compound. The use of two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine, I do not know its equal."
W. L. GREENLEAF,
Brigadier General V. N. G., Burlington, Vt.
$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.

Use It Now!

"Having used your Paine's Celery Compound this spring, I can safely recommend it as the most powerful and at the same time most gentle regulator. It has splendid nerve tonic, and since taking it I have felt like a new man."
R. E. KNORR, Watertown, Dakota.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co. Props. Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Color Feathers and Ribbons Easy! Elegant! Economical! | LACTATED FOOD Babies eating it sleep well nights. Make Laughing

DRINK PURE WATER.

BY USING THE

BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER

Purifies by Aeration.

IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.

Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-foot well 10-in can draw water with nine feet of it off.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No valves or valve to wear out.
It has no wooden lining to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable elevator made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the bucket.
It will not freeze, having about the feet of a Dakota winter, as the groove below serves as the means of discharge. Surrounding that with leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to continue it.
You can have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern: 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

A live agent wanted in every town in the United States. Address

BUCKET PUMP CO.

441 and 443 Plum Street, CINCINNATI, O.

GEO. HUNTLEY, Agent, Ebensburg, Pa

THE ALLMENDINGER PIANO & ORGAN CO.,

ANN ARBOR, MICH., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of *HIGH GRADE PIANOS and ORGANS.*

Importers and Jobbers of *Music and Musical Merchandise.*

We Make a SPECIALTY of *Organs in Piano Cases,* FINELY FINISHED and HAND POLISHED, in *Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak*

And containing our own Patented Improvements.

We acknowledge no rivals in above styles, in TONE, ACTION or WORKMANSHIP. Pianos and Organs in ALL styles. We are Manufacturers and make manufacturer's prices. Orders for anything in the music line will receive prompt attention. Correspondence solicited. Live Agents Wanted.

FACTORY: Cor. First and Washington Sts. -:- RETAIL WAREROOMS: 36 So. Main St.

REFERENCE: FARMERS AND MECHANICS BANK, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

SWEEPING PRICE - REDUCTIONS!

Preferring to carry Uncle Sam's Dollar to a big stock, we have inaugurated a

Great June Sale.

Sweeping Price Reductions.

A rare chance to get fine Clothing far below regular prices.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

6th and Chestnut St.
(Ledger Building)
13th and Chestnut St.

B. J. LYNCH,

UNDERTAKER

And Manufacturer & Dealer in

HOME AND CITYMADE FURNITURE

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.,

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

ALTOONA, PENN'A

☞ Citizens of Cambria County and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'80-tf.]

WANTED—AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS FOR OUR TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, &C. STEADY WORK For Honest, Industrious Men.

Salary & Expenses, or Commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of varieties adapted to Pennsylvania

The Business Quickly Learned. Write immediately for terms.

P. O. CHASE & CO., PHILA., PA.

FOR MORE OFFICE.

1794. 1890.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 31, 1882.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

OILS! OILS!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Naphtha and Gasoline

That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most

Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

in the market ask for ours.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,

PITTSBURG, PA.

oct15-89-1yr.

PATENT STEEL PICKET FENCE.

HANDSOME, INDESTRUCTIBLE, Cheaper than Wood,

The above cut shows Plain Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a Picket Fence Gate.) Can be made to any Height. When ordering for fence give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single Required. We also Manufacture Heavy Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Escapes and FIRE ESCAPES, Cellar Doors and Railings, Brass and Iron Grills, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

TAYLOR & DEAN,

201, 203 & 205 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN C. FINCH,

DEALER IN

Golden - Wedding - Rye - Whiskies,

126 WATER STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

Oldest established house in the city, where nothing but pure goods are put up, strictly for family and medicinal use. Nothing better than Golden Wedding. Next on the list, Guckenheimer, a fine, Old Monongahela Rye; these goods are leading brands. Brandies of vintage of 1878 on hand. Gins, Holland and Domestic, also Old Tom. Finch's Golden Wedding, $1.00 for full quart, 6 for $5.00; Guckenheimer's the same; Monongahela, $8.00 per dozen. Wines, $3.00 per dozen, $1.50 for one-half dozen. Securely boxed. Also, have in stock, Grandfather's Choice, at $2.00 per gallon, barrels at special rates. Apr. 25, '90-1y

PILES: SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night. Worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often protrude, ulcerate, become very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. Also for Itching of the private parts, whether existing in male or female. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, one box, 50 cents, three boxes, $1.25. Address letter, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES. The slightest application of "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Blotches, Pimples, Black Heads, Barber's Itch, Scaly Eruptions, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. Small box, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

When Visiting the Pittsburgh Exposition, call on the

HENRICKS MUSIC CO., Ltd.

For Cash or Time Prices on

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

79 Fifth Ave.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

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DETROIT SURE GRIP Steel Tackle Block.

HALF THE COST of hoisting saved to Storekeepers, Butchers, Farmers, Machinists, Builders, Contractors and OTHERS. Admitted to be the greatest improvements EVER made in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write for catalogue.

FULTON IRON & ENGINE WKS., 10 Brush St., Detroit, Mich. Established 1852. ma30.90.1y

EVERYBODY in Cambria county should read the FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year.

Had Her Revenge.

A woman carrying a faded carpet bag stopped a policeman in Chicago and said: "Which way must I go to the World's fair?"

"Headquarters of the directors are around on Dearborn street."

"I don't care a snap for the headquarters. I want to know whar the fair is—whar they are showin' things."

"There isn't any such place, madam. The fair won't be opened for three years yet."

"What, isn't thar no show at all?"

"Not yet."

"Didn't I see in the papers that Congress had sent the fair to this town?"

"You may have read that this place has been selected as the site of a fair to be held three years from now."

"An' thar won't be none till then?"

"Not that anybody knows of."

"An, Congress has fooled me into comin' all the way from Missoury to see that fair. Look here, this thing is a fraud, an' I believe you had something to do with it. Do you hear me?"

"Yes I hear you."

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nothing."

"Then you acknowledge that you are a fraud, do you?"

"I suppose I am,"

"An' you are not sorry for it, nuther, I reckon."

"No. I am not particularly cast down."

"Wall, will you do me a favor, jes' to sorter make things squar?"

"I will try to."

All right. Then hold this carpet bag till I step right ever yander an' eat a snack."

"Why don't you take it with you?"

"Feered somebody mout steal it while I'm eatin' Will you hold it?"

"Yes, I'll take charge of it for you?"

When the woman had been gone half an hour the policeman began to feel uneasy. An hour passed and still the woman did not return. Late that evening the carpet bag was opened. It contained four dead cats, together with the following note.

"These cats lay in an alley next to my house, on the west side, for four days. I have time and again notified the authorities, but as no notice was taken of my appeal I have taken this method of disposing of them. You may return them to me when we meet at the World's fair."

A Surprised Landlord.

I regretted to see recorded in the American papers the death of Mr. Kingsley, the landlord of the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia. I had never met the deceased gentleman, but I had heard much of the very admirable way in which his hotel, under his able supervision, was always managed.

I remember, too, the anecdote of the Prince of Wales when he stayed at the Continental some thirty years ago. Albert Edward was then a slender, rather gawky youth, with very large ears and hands to match, the latter extremities quite oversetting all one's theories concerning the small size of the hand and foot as indicating aristocratic descent on the part of the possessor.

For here was the heir to a long line of kings and queens who was by no means of extra proportions, and who certainly was compelled to wear no less a size in gloves than gentleman's eights. On the day appointed for the arrival, Mr. Kingsley was engaged in superintending the last arrangements in the drawing-room reserved for his royal guest, when there suddenly entered a youth in traveling dress, who seemed inclined to make himself at home.

Quite scandalized at this intrusion, Mr Kingsley requested the young man to withdraw, adding, "This is the suite of rooms reserved for the Prince of Wales and nobody is allowed to enter them."

"Nobody?" quoth the newcomer very meekly, but with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes, "May I not stay just a little while to look about me?" "No, indeed," responded Mr. Kingsley, "I expect the Prince every minute, and it would never do for him to find anybody here; so you will oblige me by getting out of the way as fast as possible."

The interview was here cut short by the arrival of the duke of Newcastle, the Prince's guardian on his travels, and the audacious intruder stood revealed as the Prince of Wales himself. Mr. Kingsley was profuse in his apologies for his non-recognition of his royal guest, but the genial Albert Edward only laughed at the mistake and enjoyed the fun.

Points of Interest.

A rich New Zealand sheep grower says the mistake American sheep raisers make is breeding for wool alone on high priced lands and not paying enough attention to mutton. His own sheep are a cross of Leicester and Lincolnshire on original stock. Thus he has wool and mutton both. He ships 2,000 frozen mutton carcasses to England every year from his far Australian home, which is 1,000 miles south-east of Australia.

Dakota seems to be running wild on sheep.

Sheep can be fattened most rapidly when they are from one and a half to three years old.

A terrific fight between some two stallions, Irish and Norman, is reported from the Murphy stock farm in Pennsylvania. Neither rails, clubs or pitchforks had any affect on the two infuriate brutes. It is well to remember that a pistol fired over the heads of fighting stallions will affright them and cause them to turn tail and trot away from each other.

The point in raising hogs now is to get them ready for market at the earliest stage at which they can profitably be sold.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if is does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

JOHN A. BLAIR. JOHN T. BLAIR

BLAIR & SON'S

DAILY MEAT MARKET,

Centre Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

The Best Western Cattle Butchered every day. Also, Fresh Lamb, Veal, Mutton, Lard, Etc., always on hand.

Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to attend to the wants of customers.

Tutt's Pills

To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.

Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and

Speedily Restore

to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

Sold Everywhere.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR OF STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD: General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge Small, Weak Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely sure. NO QUACKERY. Benefits in a few days. Men (really from 10 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanations and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

I took Cold, I took Sick.

I TOOK

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals, I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING,

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opperite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY. Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER, Ebensburg, April 13, 1888-tf.

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MATCH-MAKING SECRETS.

Interesting Stories of Weddings Brought About by Tact.

If it were not gossip I would write something about match-making, not in general, but in particular, now interesting official circles, writes the Springfield Republican's Washington letter. They say official society is made up of broken sentences. Well, the pieces are—gossip. Every body talks it, every body reads it, and every body writes about it.

When the Chamberlain-Endicott courtship began, it was by the design and deliberate management of other people. Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Endicott met at the Chinese Minister's ball, and took a turn or two, arm-in-arm, about the ball room. It was enough. Their friends at once began the dinners and little manœuvers, at which Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Endicott were invariably guests. They were thrown together daily in this way by the people who gloried in making such a "good match."

One hostess gave a luncheon to young women and asked Mr. Chamberlain. It was the only man present among forty or more ladies. Even the mistress of the hostess was not asked. I need hardly say that Mr. Chamberlain's seat at table was next Miss Endicott's. A thousand and one well-planned social affairs favored and urged along the acquaintance to friendship and friendship to courtship.

It was all plain as day, and it was all legitimate, but none the less amusing. And now the match-makers are busy again, in the same way, managing a widower and two widows, the latter very prominent in official circles.

The gentleman, though not a young man, is a "great catch," the match-makers say, not only on his own account, but because of his high position. The ladies who have just laid aside their mourning—and it was the deepest mourning—are attractive women, one younger than the other—perhaps three years younger. They are not only attractive in personal appearance, but both are women of fascinating manner. They are not rich, but are too comfortably off to make a mercenary marriage. The sentiment of love would hardly control either of them, for that is with their past. But their ambition is for position and the power that goes with it.

The only temptation to a second marriage would be to regain their old place and power. The widower and the widows are at all the notable dinners, not the three at the same dinner, but the ladies as alternates. For instance, the gentleman and one of the ladies are guests at a dinner. Then the gentleman and the other lady are guests at another dinner. There is nothing like a dinner to bring out the best of men and women in attractive qualities.

STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

Walter Besant's Experience with an Artist and a Love-Sick Youth.

Walter Besant has a lengthy paper in the Independent on coincidences, with examples from his own experience. Three of them are as follows:

The following is an illustration of the coincidence that can not be classed—the coincidence startling. The other day I was consulting with an artist about the face and appearance of a character in a novel which he was illustrating. "Do you know," I asked, "such a one?" He had never met the man. "Well," I said, "I want some such face as his," so I briefly described the kind of face. Meantime his pencil, which is one of those pencils which can never keep still, went on working. "How is that?" he asked, showing me the exact portrait of the man in my mind whom he had never seen.

I pass over the coincidences which can be explained by the fact that many minds are engaged upon the same subject at the same time. It was no coincidence when the Tichborne case was being tried for a stranger in the train to address you on the subject, your own thoughts being also occupied with it. A coincidence which can be explained by natural causes is a sham or bogus coincidence. And since there are coincidences so many and so various that one might go on like a brook for ever rippling about them, I will not with the coincidence oracular. Of these three occur to me.

There was once a swain in love. It was a discomsolate swain, one of those who whistle a reed of melancholy on the mountain side. The reason of his sadness was not that he had been dismissed by that lady, but he feared to be dismissed by the lady's papa. The certainty of the outcome, in fact, could not be denied. This sorrowful shepherd wandered forth in the unsympathetic London streets, expecting nothing but flinty-hearted coldness. Suddenly he raised his drooping eyes. He saw over a shop-front, written plainly in letters a foot long: "Clifford and Marriage"—the lady's name was Clifford. He started; he read the words again; he accepted the omen; he walked briskly home and wrote a letter with lover's heart, and he has now been married for fifteen years. I ought to know, because I was present at the wedding and signed the register.

MONEY IN CHINA.

A Country Where the Mexican Dollar is Not Below Par.

The chief coin in circulation along the coast of China is the Mexican dollar and the copper cash. It takes from 1,000 to 1,500 cash to make a dollar, and some of the coins in use are so poor that you can break them in two between your thumb and finger. They are of the size of an old red cent, and have a square hole in the center, in order that they may be strung on a string. They are made in different parts of China, and the Viceroy of Canton is now building a mint with modern American machinery, which will turn them out by the million. In the interior of China these cash and silver and gold in the lump form the money. The standard of weight for both is the tael, which weighs about an ounce, and the money is cast in the shape of a lady's shoe. Ten taels of silver make a lump of about the size of a Chinese lady's foot, and if you want to pay out less than this amount you take your knife or a chisel and pound off as much as you want. It is the rudest way of doing business, but the Chinese are very suspicious of coins, and they like the pure metal. Gold bricks about an inch long and half an inch wide and of the same thickness are also used, but you have to watch these, as you do every thing else in the shape of money in China. In South China you will find a chop dollar, out of which little chips of silver have been taken, or in which holes have been bored and these holes filled with lead. You will find coins under weight and chunks of metal which are counterfeit, and the result is that every Chinese business-house has to keep one man whose business is to detect counterfeit coin. This man is called the schroff, and all the money of the establishment passes through his hands. He gives a big bond, and he is responsible for all the money he takes in. If he makes a mistake it is his loss, not that of the firm. You will find these schroffs connected with our Legation abro